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ABSTRACT

This multi-language collection of autobiographical writing from Ugandan children and young adults who are living in Britain as refugees is illustrated with photographs and children's drawings and includes comprehensive country introductions. In the collection, young people give their accounts of migration and explore how their identities are changing in their new country. The writings can be a useful resource for teachers, particularly those who want to bring a global dimension to learning. Following a "Factbox" (country introduction) and an introduction for teachers that provides historical background on Uganda, the collection is divided into the following sections and each section has several writings: (1) "Memories of Uganda"; (2) "Life in Uganda"; (3) "War"; (4) "My Life"; (5) "Leaving Uganda"; (6) "Life in Britain"; and (7) "Hopes for the Future." Includes a resources section that lists books, briefing papers, fact sheets, materials on refugees, and useful addresses. (BT)

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IPOROTOI LUDO UGANDA

AMALOBOZI OI

KAMAKOTA K

યુગાન્ડાથી

VOICES FROM UGANDA

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UGANDA

KEY:

- Capital city
- Capital of district
  Note: names of districts and their capitals are the same
- District boundary
- National boundary
- River

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VOICES FROM UGANDA

Edited by Rachel Warner (Head of Education, Minority Rights Group)

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Note to teachers

These autobiographical accounts by Ugandan refugees were collected in English by English as a Second Language teachers in London schools. Most stories were written but a few were oral accounts. They were then translated into the Ugandan language chosen by the contributor. An editorial decision was made to correct the English where necessary, without losing the flavour of the original account. All contributors checked their edited accounts before inclusion, and members of the Ugandan community checked the book – including the introduction and fact box and map – at all stages of its production.

Suggested uses of Voices from Uganda

The variation in complexity and length of the accounts makes *Voices from Uganda* very suitable for use at different Key Stages (KS2, 3 and 4), although it will be most useful at Key Stages 3 and 4. It will be a valuable resource for English teachers encouraging autobiographical writing at KS2, 3 and 4. It can also be used to fulfil the requirement that pupils read texts 'with challenging subject matter that broadens perspectives and extends thinking' and 'texts drawn from a variety of cultures and traditions' (English KS2) and 'read texts from other cultures and traditions that represent their distinctive voices and forms, and offer varied perspectives and subject matter' (English KS3 and 4). In Geography at both KS2 and KS3 pupils can study a locality/country in Africa. In any study of Uganda, *Voices from Uganda* could be used as a secondary source of evidence. It could also be used to support any study of the causes of migration (KS3).

(All references are to *The National Curriculum*, published January 1995.)

As the book raises issues of human rights, being a refugee and living in a multicultural society, it is a useful resource for the Cross Curricular theme of Education for Citizenship, particularly to support the components 'A Pluralist Society' and 'Being a Citizen'.

Voices from Uganda, as a dual-text resource, will meet a pressing need for relevant materials to use with Ugandan students and so will be invaluable for English as a Second language teachers at both school and adult education level, and also for community language teachers working with Ugandan students.

Specific suggestions for activities using the material in *Voices from Uganda* (along with *Voices from Angola, Sudan and Zaire*) are to be found in the accompanying Activities leaflet.

Cover Photo: Children offering to carry shopping on market day, Kampala District, Uganda. © Ron Giling/Panos Pictures.
Back Cover Photo Credit: (John McCarthy) Helen Stone
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Voices from Uganda forms part of the education pack, *African Voices*, which also includes *Voices from Angola, Voices from Sudan* and *Voices from Zaire*.

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Minority Rights Group

Minority Rights Group was founded in the 1960s. Its principal aim is to secure justice for minority (and non-dominant majority) groups suffering discrimination by:

- Researching, publishing and distributing the facts as widely as possible to raise public knowledge and awareness of minority issues worldwide;
- Advocating and publicising all aspects of the human rights of minorities, to draw attention to violations and to aid the prevention of dangerous and destructive conflicts;
- Educating, through its research, publications and schools programme on issues relating to prejudice, discrimination and group conflicts.

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UGANDA FACTBOX

Population: 18 million (1994 estimate)

Capital: Kampala

Head of state: President Yoweri Museveni, installed by the army on 29 January 1986

Former colonial power: Britain

Date of independence: 9 October 1962

Main languages: English (official), Swahili (used as a lingua franca), Luganda (most widely spoken indigenous language). About 70% of the population speak Bantu languages, mainly in the south, south-east and west. Nilotic and Nilo-Hamitic languages are spoken in the north and east.

Main religions: Most Ugandans are Christian, with Catholics making up about 40% of the population and Anglican Protestants a further 30%. There is a sizeable Muslim minority, totalling around 10% of the population, highly concentrated in the north. Most of the remainder of Uganda's people hold traditional beliefs.

GNP per head: approx $180 (1991); UK: $16,080 (1991)

Currency: New shilling, introduced in May 1987

Main exports: Coffee, tea, cotton, maize, beans, tobacco, hides and skins, cobalt, sesame seed.

Infant mortality rate: 107 per 1,000 (1991); UK: 7 per 1,000 (1991)

Life expectancy: Men: 46.8 years; women: 50.2 years (average of recent estimates)
UK: Men 73.1 years; women: 78.8 years (average of recent estimates)

Adult (15+) literacy rate: 52.6% (1991); Men: 64.7%; women: 41.1%
UK: 99.1% (average of recent estimates)

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Introduction for teachers

Ugandans in Britain

There are around 35,000 Ugandans (including Ugandan Asians) in Britain. The majority live in Greater London, but there are small communities of Ugandans in several British cities, notably Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, Leicester, Bradford, Cardiff, Edinburgh and Oxford.

Many Ugandans who have sought asylum in Britain have been persecuted by the post-independence regimes on account of their political or religious affiliations, their ethnic groups or their positions in society. A significant proportion are members of the professions, such as doctors, lecturers, lawyers, engineers, government officials and business people, or else landowners or tribal chiefs. Many come to Britain with academic and professional qualifications, but often can find only menial jobs – or no job at all.

Britain receives fewer 'displaced' refugees – those who have been forced to leave Uganda due to armed conflict in their home areas. Large numbers of those made homeless in this way are peasants, small farmers or cattle herdsmen. Most take refuge in one of Uganda's neighbouring countries (such as Sudan, Kenya or Tanzania), as they hope soon to be able to return to reclaim their abandoned property.

Britain is a more favoured destination for Ugandan asylum-seekers than most other European countries. Almost all adult Ugandans who seek asylum here speak good English. Large numbers of Uganda's educated classes have some familiarity with Britain, as it is common for Ugandans to acquire their higher education here. In addition, Kampala, the Ugandan capital, has good air links with London: the flight can be considerably easier than journeys to cities in neighbouring African countries.

Ugandan society

Population

Around 85 per cent of Uganda's 18 million people live in rural areas. Kampala, which has a population of over 750,000, is more than 12 times the size of any of the country's other cities. A majority of Ugandans live in poverty in both rural and urban areas, despite considerable economic development in recent years. Armed conflict is both a result and a major cause of poverty in Uganda. Years of fighting have deepened the divisions within the country. In addition, the maintenance of a large army uses up much-needed resources.

Uganda is home to almost 40 ethnic groups, many of which cross the country's boundaries. The major cultural and linguistic divisions are between Bantu groups, who live mainly in the south, south-east and west; Nilotic peoples, in the north-west and the east; and the Nilo-Hamitic (Sudanic) groups of the far north-west, near the borders with Sudan and Zaire. The inability of successive regimes to heal the country's regional and religious divisions has led to years of tyranny and violence.

Bantu peoples make up around 70 per cent of Uganda's population. The main Bantu groups include the Baganda (the largest group), Basoga, Banyoro, Banyankole (the Bahima and the Bairu), Banyarwanda (the Batutsi and Bahutu – the same ethnic groups as in Rwanda and Burundi), Batoro, Bakiga, Bagisu, Bagwere, Banyoli, Basamia, Bagwe, Baamba and Bakonjo. Around 25 per cent of the population is Nilotic in origin, including the Acholi, Langi, Jonam and Alur peoples of the north-west, and the Karamojong and Iteso of north-eastern Uganda. Nilo-Hamitic groups include the Lugbara, Madi and Kakwa.

Education and health

Years of civil war and insurgency have damaged Uganda's education system. Many schools were destroyed and large numbers of teachers fled into exile. Although the number of schools has grown significantly since 1980, partly due to the efforts of voluntary agencies, many are just single rooms without windows, doors or proper roofs. Cuts in public spending in the late 1980s have had a serious impact. There is a lack of basic teaching aids and equipment. Teacher qualifications are low and 40 per cent of all teachers are untrained.

Education is not compulsory and fees are charged at all levels. Parents also may have to contribute to expenses, including school building and maintenance funds and allowances to attract teachers, and often have to buy uniforms and stationery. As a result, only around 70 per cent of children attend primary school, which starts at the age of six. Parents often pay for the education of only some of their children, or keep children (particularly girls) out of school for a year or two while they save enough money to allow them to continue. Fewer than a third of pupils complete their primary education, which ends at the age of 12.

English is the basic language of instruction, but certain African languages also are commonly used in primary schools, including Akaramojong, Ateso, Luganda, Lugbara, Luo, Runyankole-Rukiga and Runyoro-Rutoro.

Only about 12 per cent of Ugandan children go on to secondary education, which lasts for around six years. Entry to secondary schools is competitive, as there is a shortage of places in most areas.

Protracted conflict has affected the provision of health services, which remain very basic in many areas,

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despite sustained efforts by international charities. The dislocation of Ugandan society has been greatly intensified by the high incidence of AIDS among its people. Accurate figures are difficult to come by, but the country is reliably estimated to be the worst affected in Africa. Huge numbers of children have lost both parents and are either left to fend for themselves or are in the care of grandparents or other aged relatives, who are often ill-equipped to cope. The economic impact has been severe, with huge numbers of young adults – the most productive age group of the work force – disabled or dead.

Uganda since independence

Uganda gained independence from Britain in 1962. Before then, it had been a British protectorate, not a colony. This meant that the different kingdoms of the area had retained a significant degree of control over their own affairs. The country's ethnic and religious divisions were intensified by socially divisive policies pursued during the period of British rule, when southern Ugandan ethnic groups were favoured by the administration. This has played a significant part in the years of turmoil since independence, especially given the longstanding dominance within the army of Nilotic ethnic groups from the north. Another factor which has contributed to instability was the British administration's failure to develop Uganda's economic potential – for example by investing in the country's industrial base and so reducing the country's dependence on cash crops (for which the yields and international prices vary considerably from year to year). The first post-independence government consisted of an alliance of southern and northern political forces under which the *kabaka* (king) of the powerful region of Buganda, a southern Bantu, was elected president. Milton Obote, a northerner of the Langi ethnic group, became prime minister. This arrangement began to fall apart as Obote tried to move towards the creation of a one-party state dominated by northern groups. In February 1966 the 'Buganda crisis' reached its climax when Obote declared himself president and suspended the constitution, prompting fighting in which many hundreds of Buganda's people (known as Baganda) were killed.

Obote was overthrown by Idi Amin's military coup in 1971. This marked the start of years of violence on an enormous scale. Around 400,000 Ugandans 'disappeared' or were murdered during Amin's eight-year rule, largely in the 'Luwero triangle' (an area of around 100 square miles to the north and west of Kampala). Many thousands of others fled the country. Prime victims of Amin's regime included the Langi and Acholi peoples, though many Baganda also were killed. Amin expelled around 50,000 Asians, many of whom came to Britain. In 1979 Amin was deposed and, in 1980, Obote was reinstated as president after widely disputed elections. The period which ensued proved even more bloody than the Amin years: 700,000 people are thought to have been killed in the armed clashes between Obote's forces and the then rebel resistance.

Obote went into exile in 1985, and in January 1986 National Resistance Army (NRA) guerrillas, led by Yoweri Museveni (now Uganda's president) occupied Kampala and seized power. Museveni and the NRA were faced with the task of bridging the enormous cultural divide between the Bantus of southern Uganda and the Nilotic peoples of the north. This divide had been widened by the fact that, since independence, northerners had been in charge of regimes which had repressed the southerners. The coming to power of the mainly southern NRA marked a dramatic change. Northerners resented their loss of power, and feared revenge. Armed opposition to Museveni's regime has continued in the north and east, at varying levels of intensity, to this day.

Many other factors have contributed to the long years of conflict in Uganda. Ethnic antagonisms have played a key role (see below). These have fuelled deep political tensions, as many political organisations tend to draw their support from one particular ethnic group. Religious divisions (mainly between the Roman Catholic Church and the Anglican Church of Uganda) also have been significant: the country's Churches are identified with the various communities which they serve and with important figures to whom they have links. Last, but not least, the question of class has played an important part: wealthy and influential individuals have been singled out by successive regimes.

Human rights abuses

Violence by the armed forces

Each change of government since independence has led to widespread violence by members of the armed forces whose particular ethnic group supported the new leader. As a result, hundreds of thousands of Ugandans have been killed and many thousands forced into exile.

Although the level of human rights violations subsided when the National Resistance Movement (NRM) came to power in 1986, it rose in the late 1980s and early 1990s as the NRM stepped up its efforts to quell armed insurgencies in the north and east. President Museveni's regime continues to face armed opposition in these areas, but this has become less intense since

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1992 and there has been a reduction in military counter-insurgency operations.

Violence under Museveni's rule has been at a far lower level than during the Amin and Obote years. Nevertheless, the government's armed forces, the National Resistance Army (NRA), have committed appalling acts against those they perceive as its opponents. Massacres of unarmed civilians are still reported, with whole communities in the north and east often targeted. Many people are shot or beaten to death; some are burnt alive in their homes. Others suffocate after being held in detention in sealed conditions. Thousands are unlawfully detained without charge or trial and on little or no evidence. Such occurrences are not confined to the north and east. In particular, detentions, often accompanied by torture, have taken place in Kampala and other areas less affected by conflict.

The army is badly trained and the government is unable or unwilling to control it in the north and the east. Even in Kampala and the south, there is a high incidence of armed robbery, which is attributed to members of the armed forces (who are badly paid). There is still no independent criminal justice system, and the human rights institutions set up by the government are ineffective, with largely cosmetic investigations aimed at reassuring Western aid donors.

The government continues to repress moves towards multi-party democracy. Opposition parties are technically legal, but in effect are not allowed to operate. In recent years, northern political leaders have been jailed on charges of treason or sedition. Journalists also are liable to be jailed on such charges; the number of such detentions increased in 1994. The authorities use such tactics as a means of holding suspected government opponents for long periods without bringing them to trial.

Rebel violence and inter-communal tensions

It is important to realise that rebels fighting against the government in the north and east (some of whom were responsible for gross human rights violations when they were members of previous government forces) have themselves committed flagrant abuses on a large scale, including arbitrary killings, rapes, mutilations and abductions of innocent civilians. Some of these rebels are remnants of defeated armies, some loyal to political warlords, but most are just marauding gangs.

Small armed opposition groups operate in the south-west, near the border with Zaire. The regime steps up military action against these groups from time to time. Clashes between ethnic groups and the army take place occasionally in the Ruwenzori Mountains in western Uganda, though on a smaller scale than in the 1980s.

There is continuing conflict between several different ethnic groups in Uganda. For example, the semi-nomadic Karamojong in the north-east, who have long been excluded from participating in national economic and political development, regularly stage armed cattle raids in Kitgum, Lira and Apac districts in the north. They clash with rival tribespeople, notably the Iteso, from time to time. Also in the north-east, the Acholi and Langi peoples have occasionally engaged in violence against each other in a bid to counter each other's influence in the region.

In the north-western province of West Nile, and elsewhere in the north, notably in the Kitgum district, tensions arise from inflows of Sudanese refugees fleeing into Uganda to escape the civil war in southern Sudan. The Ugandan army sometimes rounds them up and detains them

About this book

Uganda has had a troubled history, with a succession of repressive regimes sparking off years of intense conflict. As a result, large numbers of Ugandans have unwillingly left their homeland to escape persecution. Some have left behind far better standards of living than they can realistically hope to find in today's Britain. We are grateful to the refugees whose voices are recorded in this book for sharing their experiences with us.

Marcus Turner
Independent consultant specialising in international politics and economics.

March 95

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MICHAEL PAGE/HUTCHISON

Women drinking Pepsi, Uganda

ACHOLI

Caru

An ginywala i Kampala, Uganda. Lacen wa dak i caru. Onongo watye ki poto madit ma tye iye gweni ki dyang acel. Abilo cak dyang ma murumuru. Anongo mit mada. Onongo dok amito mukene ento mama awaci,'gwok mukene pi odiko'.

Wora onongo tingowa ki motokane ka teru wa ka cam woko ki ka kwang ka ceng ryeny. Waneno rec i nam. En onongo tero wa i ot cam moni. Onongo wamatu pepsi ma mit atika. Pepsi ma kany pe rom ki ma gang. Ke pepsi ma gangi neka mada.

Bronte obedo larema ma onongo konyo wa ki tic i poto, onyo ka watye ki peko me cente. En oto ma onongo tye ki mwaka pyera angwen wiye abungwen (49). En onongo tye ki twoo. Abedo ki myeno ki cwer cwiny mada pien en keken aye onongo ngat ma kite ber ma obedo ka konyo wa ikare pe peko me lweny.

Latin anyaka me mwaka abungwen ma kwano i Richmond, Middlesex, London, aye otito lok man.

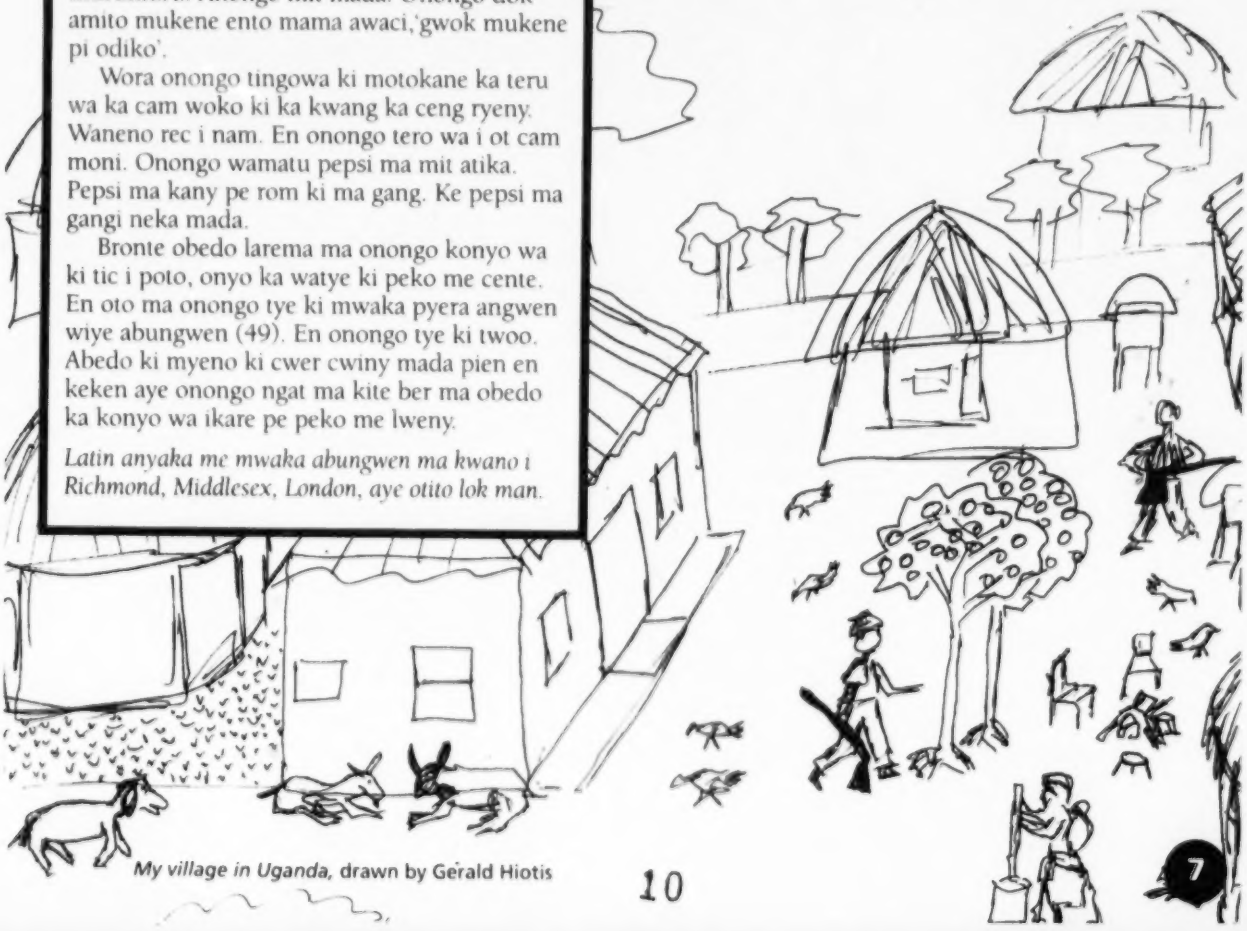
The countryside

I was born in Kampala, Uganda. Later we moved to a village in the countryside. We had a farm with chickens and a cow. I tasted warm milk from the cow. It was really nice. I wanted some more but mum said, 'Save it for breakfast'.

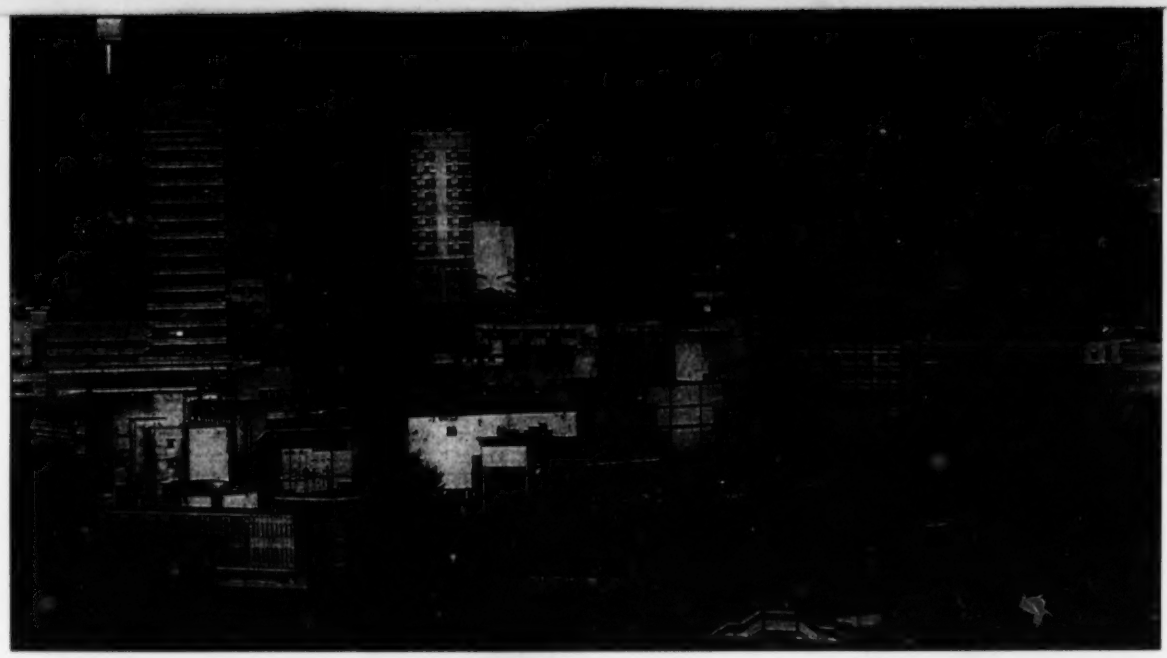
My dad used to take us in his car on sunny days to go for picnics and to swim in the river. There were fish in the river. He used to take us to a kind of restaurant. We used to get really nice pepsi. Pepsis here are not the same. I miss our pepsis.

Bronte was a friend who helped us on the farm and when we had problems with money. She died at the age of 49. She had a sickness. I felt very sad because she was the only person to be kind enough to help us with our problems in the war.

By a 9 year old girl at primary school in Richmond, Middlesex. This was an oral account given to her teacher. Some more of her story is on pages 18 and 25.



My village in Uganda, drawn by Gerald Hiotis



PIERS CAVENDISH/IMPACT

City centre, Kampala

LANGO

Ka Kwangere

Abedo iyi Olaya pi nucu me kare ame abedo kede i lobo. Pe apoyo aber twatwal jami ame otimere ikare ame atye i Uganda, pien aweko kuno ame mwaka na onwongo romo abicel keken.

Gin ame apoyo aber en lyeto me ooro. Onywala onwongo bedo i ot ame tye i gorofa i Kampala ame ka idye ceng wudi ni doko alyet meicel. Me kweyo komwa wan onwongo owoto kwang ika kwangere.

Wot ika kwangere onwongo tero dakika apar ka iwot otoka. An onwongo abedo neno wudi iwang dirija ka otoka aringo akato gi. Wudi me gorofaa onwongo tye apol, dok matafali ame ŋgero apama gi kede pat ikit en ogero i wudi Olaya kan. Onwongo tye tyeng apol me duki, kede iwanga yo onwongo tye tandero me cato nyig yen me acama kede cwit. Iwanga yo onwongo tye pwoda kede bac apol ame ariringa. Ikare apol myero owek dirija me pwoda wa twolo pi lyeto, ame mor otoka ame angwengweca idye yo onwongo mio lok wani ipapa bedo tek.

Ka kwangere onwongo tye kan otane aler. Ame ipol akare, pi lyeto nwongo pong kede jo ame atemo kweyo komgi. Dong pi lyeto aceng pol akare pi me ka kwangere pe bedo angic, iwongo tye calo pi oteno amurumuru. Ikare ame an awoto ikwangi onwongo mwaka na tye aromo abic keken. Onwongo aneno jo akwang ikan atutere, ento an onwongo acung itung ape tut, ate bedo babapo pi icinga. Papa onwongo ocako pwonya ikwang, ento ikare ame

The swimming pool

I've lived in England for more than half my life. I don't remember things about Uganda too clearly. I was about six years old at the time I left.

The thing that sticks out most in my mind is the very hot weather. My family lived in Kampala and the flats in the city got really hot in the daytime. We used to go to a swimming pool to keep cool.

The journey to the pool took about 15 minutes in the car. I used to look out of the window at the buildings in the streets as we passed. There were lots of blocks of flats about ten storeys high and built with a different kind of brick to the flats I've seen in England. There were rows of shops along the way and market stalls selling fruit and sweets. The streets were very busy with buses and cars. We had to keep our car windows open because of the heat, and the noise of the traffic made it hard for me and my dad to hear each other speak.

The swimming pool was open air. It was always busy with people trying to keep cool. Because of the very strong sun the water was never cold and often felt more like a warm bath. I was only about five years old at the time. I used to watch other people swimming in the deep end but I used to stand in the shallow end splashing water with my hands. My dad had started teaching me how to swim but I hadn't got that good by the time we left Uganda.

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oweko Uganda, onwongo pe ru angeo kwang aber twatwal, pwod onwongo abobojo aboja.

Iyo nge kwang papa onwongo kare okene tera tuko ibar. Man onwongo bar atitidi, ento me wot iye onwongo akuro kede keo adwong pien kuno onwongo tye apua pua, gi,yuye, kede dok onwongo otwero gweyo odilo kede otino wadwa. Kit onwongo pwod atye imwaka abic kekeni onwongo pe agweo odilo aber kit ame aman dong agweo kede ni. Ipol akare onwongo an ayero puye.

Kom me apua pua onwongo dedel ame tye lulum. Ka onwongo abedo i apua pua man onwongo awinyo lyeto awango amurona. Papa onwongo cung inge apua pua te coro. An onwongo amako jegele me apua pua niking pi lworo poto piny.

Iyo nge dwogo ika kwangere ka atuno paco aneno telebijon. Pol acale ame onyuto onwongo obedo en oya Amerika, ento katun en onwongo an amaro atek. Tye rik katun acel ame onwongo an dong amaro me odoco, ento pe dong atwero poyo nyinge pien dong okato kare alac.

Atin me mwaka apar adek ame kwano i Holland Park School, i Kensington, London en oco.

Sometimes my dad took me to a park to play after swimming. It was a small park but I always looked forward to getting there because there were swings and slides and I could play football with the other children. As I was only five years old I obviously wasn't as skilled at football then as I am now. In fact, at the time the thing I preferred to play on was the swing.

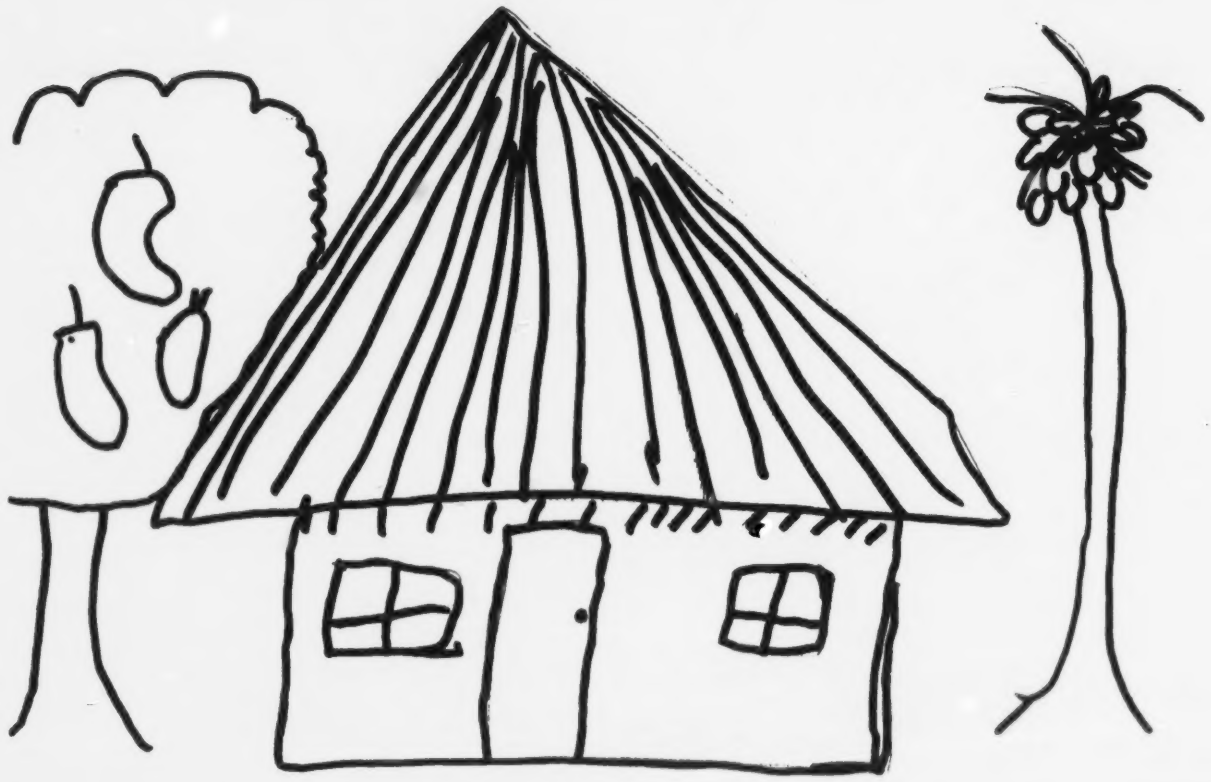
The swing had a green plastic seat. I could feel the heat from it burning against the back of my legs when I sat down. My dad would stand behind the swing and push me. I used to hold on tightly to the chains in case I fell off.

In the evening after I got home from the swimming pool I would watch television. Most of the programmes were American and the cartoons were my favourites. There was one particular cartoon that I liked best of all, but it's so long ago that I can't remember the title.

Written by a 13 year old boy at Holland Park School, Kensington, London.

NEIL COOPER/PANOS PICTURES

Children on a swing at a school for abandoned children in Kampala



My *'sleeping house' in Uganda, between a mango tree and a banana tree*, drawn by George Isodo

ATESO

Orekosi Ko Uganda

Ijaaka ngesi abu edari eong apaarasia nu ariebar eong naarai bobo da arai eong ikoku yeni didi. Apaarasia kangun eboiyeete toto ka papa ko Kampala.

Eitunit eong etogo ka. Apol ido da ajaasi nepepe ka agolaik auni. Apesur ka isap da keere ajai aimor apero agola adiopet. Kangin kwaar agelara idwe. Ediope ekolongit, abu emun lo irionon ojai togoka. Ajotoi emun lo. Ewanyu inaci ka ngesi abu itijenik mamai ka. Ngesi mamai ka akopun ebela lo apol osodi aiyar emun ngol ido ekaula acakar kinga. Awnayunitor eong akinyang da.

Anyamenenei eong apaarasia ngun agaria ka acok. Amameete isio igoen kwa nat alu inapit kwana isio kane. Enyakinyak igoen ka ido da araasi iyarei bon. Amameete da eong amuk.

Ewadikan: George Isodo, isapat yen ikar 11 yen esiomi Bishop Thomas Grant School, Lambeth, London. Ekamunitos nu akiro nu abu ngesi olimonokite esisianakinan ke.

My home in Uganda

I lived with my auntie in Soroti because I was sick when I was little. My mum lived in Kampala with dad.

I remember my house. It was big. It had three rooms. All the boys and girls slept in the same room. There were different children each night. Once there was a snake in my house. It was black. It was sleeping. My big sister saw the snake and told my uncle. My uncle got a big stick and killed it and took it outside. Once I saw a crocodile.

I ate fish and potatoes. We didn't have clothes like ones here. My clothes were ragged. I had two lots of clothes. I didn't have any shoes.

By George Isodo, an 11 year old boy at Bishop Thomas Grant School, Lambeth, London. This was an oral account given to his teacher. Some more of his story is on page 17.

GUJARATI

યુગાન્ડાની મારી સ્મૃતિ

મારો જન્મ કેન્યામાં થયો હતો. હું ત્રણ વર્ષનો હતો. મારા બાપુજી માસ્તર હતા, તે મોટરસાઈકલ ચલાવતા અકસ્માતમાં ગુજરી ગયા. એક મોટું વાહન મોટર સાઈકલ સાથે અથડાયું. મને ખબર નથી કે ત્યાર પછી શું થયું કારણ કે હું નાનો અને મને સમજ હતી નહિં. હું રોજ રાત્રે વાહનનો અવાજ સાંભળી જાગી જતો, મને થાય કે મારા બાપુજી આવ્યા.

મારા બાપુજી ગુજરી ગયા પછી અમે મારા દાદા દાદી સાથે યુગાન્ડા રહેવા ગયા. (કંપાલા) યુગાન્ડાનું કેપીટલ ટાઉન છે. અમે એક મોટા ઘરમાં રહેતા ત્યાં એક મોટું કેળાનું ને એક મોટો હીંચકો હતો. હીંચકો એટલો મોટો હતો કે પાંચ છ માણસ એક સાથે બેસી શકે.

હું અને મારી મોટી બ્હેન નાના પથ્થર સાથે ઝાડ ઉપર બેઠેલા વાંદરાને મારતા. અમે જોતા કે તે અમારા કેળા લઇ જાય છે.

અમે શનિ રવિ અમારા મોટા બગીચામાં રમતા અને અમે કંટાળીએ ત્યારે બગીચાના નાના પતંગીયા બેગમાં નાખી થોડી વાર પછી તે મરી ગયેલા લાગે હું ને મારી બ્હેન બેગ ખોલીએ તો તે ઉડી જતા. આ જોઇ મેં વિચાર્યું કે હું તેને દુખી કરું છું.

જ્યારે હું પાંચ વર્ષનો હતો ને સ્કુલ જતો તે સ્કુલનું નામ બુગાન્ડા પ્રાઇમરી સ્કુલ હતું. હા? મને યાદ છે કે સ્કુલનું લેશન કરતા ભુલી જવાય અથવા ક્લાસમાં સભ્યતા ન હોય તો શું થાય. શોટીથી મારે અને તે બહુંજ દુખે અને શોટી મારવાની રજા નથી. એક દિવસ કલાસમાં હું મોટેથી પાળા બોલતો હતો ને બે ત્રણ મારી ભુલ થઇને બાંમ્બુની શોટીથી મને માર્યો, ચામડી બળવા લાગી.

જ્યારે પહેલી વાર હું બુગાન્ડા પ્રાઇમરી સ્કુલમાં ગયો ત્યારે બધા મને આ બનેલી વાત કહેવા લાગ્યા:

સ્કુલના કંપાઉડમાં મોટા એક ઝાડ ઉપર પક્ષીનો માળો હતો. છોકરો પક્ષીના માળા ઉપર પથ્થર ફેંકતો હતો ને પક્ષીનું બચ્ચું માળામાંથી નીચે પડી ગયું. બચ્ચાની માએ જોયું કે શું થયું ને તે નીચે આવી છોકરાની આંખ ચાંચમાંથી બહારે ખેંચી લીધી.

આ ઝાડ હજી ત્યાં સ્કુલમાં છે.

આ વાત કરતીકી પટેલે લખેલી છે અને તે ૧૪ વર્ષનો યુગાન્ડાનો ગુજરાતી છોકરો છે. તે લંડનમાં સ્કુલ, હોલેન્ડ પાર્ક સ્કુલમાં વિદ્યાર્થી છે.

ALICE MASON/IMPACT

Children going to primary school in Uganda

My memories of Uganda

I was born in Kenya. I was three years of age when my father – who was a teacher – died in a motorbike accident. A large truck crashed into his motorbike. I did not know what had happened to him because I was too young to understand and every night I woke up when I heard a vehicle, because I thought he was coming home.

After my father died we moved to Uganda to live with my grandparents. In Kampala, the capital city of Uganda, we lived in a large house with banana trees and a large swing. The swing was so big that five or six people could sit on it at the same time. My older sister and I used to throw small pebbles at the monkeys in the tree when we saw they were trying to steal our bananas.

At the weekend we used to play outside in our big garden. When we got bored we went around the garden catching butterflies in a small bag. After a while they looked like they were dead. But when my sister and I opened the bag the butterflies flew out. Now I think it was a bit cruel of me.

When I was around five I went to a school called Buganda Road Primary. I still remember what happened if you forgot to do your homework or if you misbehaved in class. Being caned was a bit painful and it was all illegal. There was this day when I was saying the tables out loud to the class. I got about two or three answers wrong, and for that I was caned with a bamboo cane which stung your skin.

When I first went to Buganda Road Primary School everyone told me a story which went like this:

In the school grounds was a large tree with an eagle's nest on top of it. A boy was throwing stones at the eagle's nest and a baby eagle fell down and the mother eagle saw what had happened and flew down and pecked the boy's eyes out.

That tree was still there in the school.

Written by Kartikey Patel, a 14 year old Ugandan Asian boy at Holland Park School, Kensington, London. Some more of Kartikey's story is on page 19.

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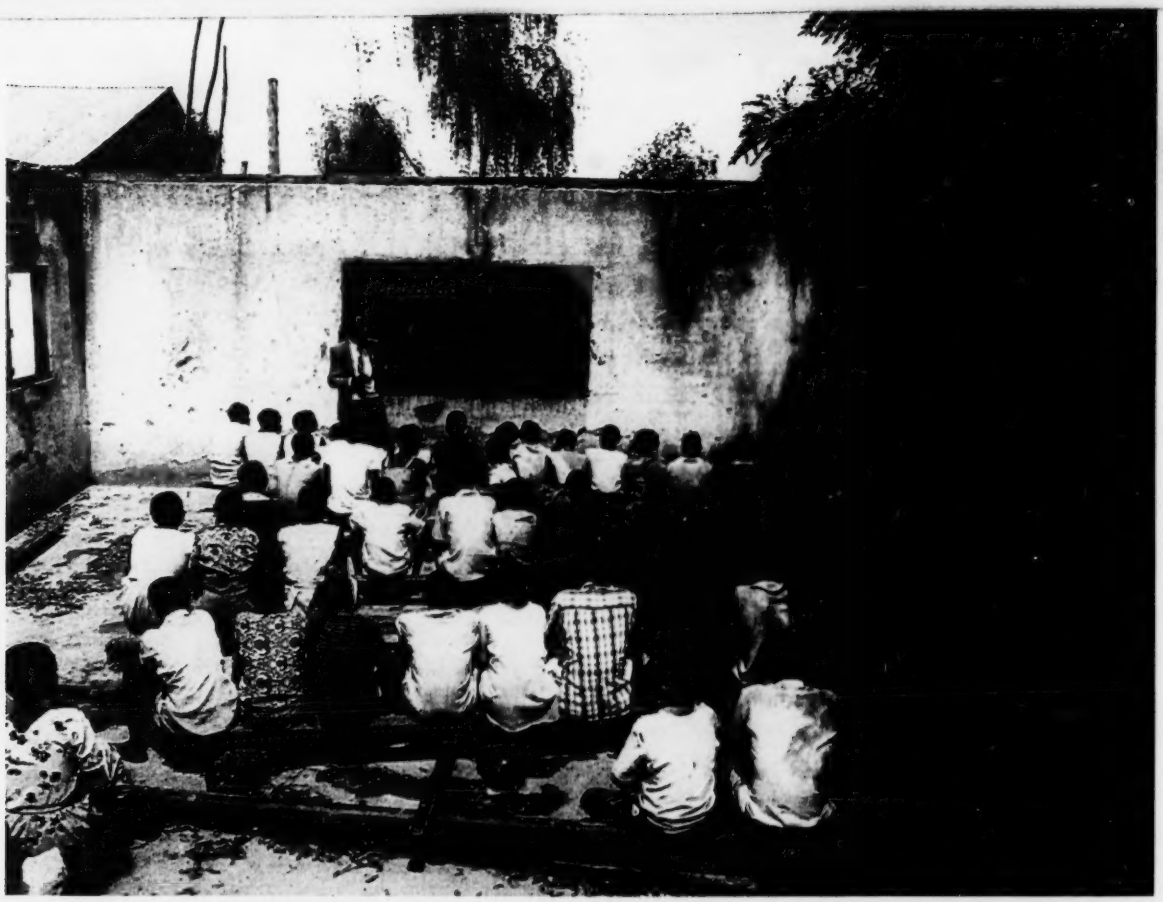


CAROLINE PENNIMPACT

Lessons continuing in a primary school damaged by war in the Lowero Triangle

ACHOLI

Kare ma a tye i Uganda

An ginywala i Uganda, dok akwanu kunu nio ma mwaka na oromo apar. Wiyapo ni onongo awoto mayiro acel me oo i gang kwan. Ka ioo ma cawa dong okato ci giwaci ni icok yugi ki batuku ka lacen gitengo pwoli pi oo lacen. Wiya bene pud po tuku ki lurema, lumegina ki omegina. Onongo wayubu cal lutino dano ka dok wayubu bongo me aruka i kumgi bene. Onongo bene wacoko koc ma gibolo, wangolo ka wayubugi medoko cuburia matino ki cigiri me tedo.

Apo bene kare ma lumony gibino gangwa ka gikwanyo gin mo keken ma gunongo. Gitimo man pien onongo ginyek pi jami ma watye kwede. Gutemo bene tutwal me neku wora, ento pe gu twero.

Lacor lok man obedo Emily Achieng ma mwakane tye aparwiye abic, dok kwano i gang kwan pa anyira ma tye i Harrow, Middlesex, London.

My days in Uganda

I was born in Uganda and I studied there until I was ten years old. I can remember that I used to walk a mile to school. When you got there late you would be told to clean the playground and after that you would be caned for coming to school late. I can also remember playing with my friends and brothers and sisters. We used to make little dolls and make clothes for them to wear. We used to get tins and cut them out and make them into little saucepans and gas cookers.

I can also remember the days when the soldiers used to come to our house and take everything. They did that because they were jealous of the things that we had. They also tried to kill my dad many times, but they never got to do it.

Written by Emily Achieng Otim, a 15 year old girl at school in Harrow, Middlesex. Some more of her story is on pages 17, 28 and 30.

LIFE IN UGANDA

LUGANDA

Jjajja wange omukyala mu Uganda

Nali sinajja mu Bungereza nali mbeera ne Jjajja wange omukyala. Yali simukadde nnyo. Bwomulaba oyinza okulowoza nti mukambwe naye nedda. Mukyala muntumulamu era wakisa. Oluusi bwenamuturiranga nga ntya nti agenda ku mbogolera. Oluusi bweyaberanga ne bisera nga antwala mu kolelo lye nanjigiriza okutunga ekyalani. Yayina ekolero Kumpi nenyumba ye.

Kya wandikibwa Sheila Rooks, owe emyaka ekumi nebiri nga asomera Holland Park School, e Kensington, mu London.

My grandmother in Uganda

Before I came to England I used to live with my grandmother. She wasn't very old. If you see her you might think that she is tough but she is not. She is nice and kind. Sometimes if I looked at her I got scared and I thought she was going to shout at me. Sometimes if she had spare time we went in her factory and she taught me how to sew on the sewing machine. She had a factory near her house.

Written by Sheila Rooks, a 12 year old girl at Holland Park School, Kensington, London. *Some more of her story is on page 14.*

JORGEN SCHYTTE/STILL PICTURES

Market in Mutai

LUGANDA

Usomero mu Uganda

Nali mbera mu Kampala. Waliwo obutale na maduka mangi okumpi ne nyumba yaffe. Twali kumpi ne sawa ya queen eya webwa Uganda Nabakyala ba Bungereza. Abantu bajjanga nebalaba essawa. Twalinya nga taxi okugenda mu kibuga, eyo yelinga ka bus akatono wano mu Bungereza. Mu Uganda bagiyita 'Matatu'.

Nasomera okusoka mu Kampala. Tekyali kibi. Abasomesa batu kubanga bwetwatukanga ekikerezi oba bwe twagwanga byebatuwanga tubikolere eka. Batuvumiranga mu maaso gabarala era olusi netwenonera emiggo batukube. Batukubanga emirundi okuva ku etano okutuka ku kukumi. Twavumwanga bwetwayogeranga olulimi olulala okujjako oluzungu olusi nga tukubwa olulimi lwange Luganda.

Ndi mu Sevenisi Day adventist. Twaberanga nebyokulaga nemizanyo kukanisa oluusi ku lwomukaga.

Biwandikidwa Juliet Kitaka omuwala owe myaka ekumi nena eya asomerakomu somero elya Sarah Bonnell e Newham e London.

School in Uganda

I lived in Kampala. There were lots of markets and shops near our house. We lived next to the Queen's clock which was presented to Uganda from the Queen of England. People used to come and see the clock. To go to town we would take a taxi, which is like a minibus in England. It is called a *matatu*.

I went to primary school in Kampala. It was okay. The teachers used to hit us if we were late or if we didn't get our homework right or if we didn't do it. We would get told off in front of the whole class by the teacher and we would have to get a bamboo cane for the teacher to hit us with five to ten times. We used to get told off if we spoke in our own language in school (instead of English) and we got hit for that as well. My language is Luganda.

I am a Seventh Day Adventist. We used to have presentations and plays at my church on Saturdays sometimes.

Written by Juliet Kitaka, a 14 year old girl at Sarah Bonnell School, Newham, London. Some more of her story is on page 29.

CLIFF PEARCEY

Sheila Rooks at school in London

LUGANDA

Esomero mu Wobulezi, Uganda

Nagenda ewobulezi nga nina emyaka munana. Wobulezi lyali somero lya kissulo naye nga waliwo nabatasuula wo. Nali wa mukisuulo. Oluvanyuma lwesomero abe kisuulo nga bayina okuda webasula. Twakyuusanga engoye okwoza yunifomu. Twafuna nga emere ku saawa kumi ezolwegulo. Twamala nga kusinziza wamu. Bwetwamalanga okulya nga twebaka. Twebakanga ku sawa kumi nemu ezolwegulo.

Omukyala alabirira ekisuulo yatuzukuusanga kusaawa kumi nemu ezoku makya. Yakubanga kidde okutuzukusa.

Twatandikanga okusoma esawa biri ezokumakya. Byetwa somanga mu Uganda byalinga bya wufu kubyawano. Twasomanga luzungu, enimi, sayansi, okubala, ne bizimba omubiri. Olulimi lwange Luganda. Naye bwenjogera oluganda ebimu biba mu luzungu.

Biwandikidwa Sheila Rooks, owe myaka ekumi nebiri, omuwala eya somerako Holland Park School, e Kensington mu London.

School in Wobulenzi, Uganda

I went to Wobulenzi when I was eight years old. Wobulenzi was a boarding school and it also had some children who went home after school. I was a boarder. After school the boarding children had to go to their bedrooms, and we changed our clothes to wash our uniforms. We got our food at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Before we got our food we all had to pray together. After we finished our dinner we went to bed. We went to bed at 5 o'clock.

In the morning at 5 o'clock, our matron woke us up. She had to ring the bell to wake us up.

Our school started at 8 o'clock. The lessons in Uganda were different to the lessons here. Our lessons were English, languages, science, maths, PE every day. My language is Luganda. If I speak Luganda some of the words are in English.

Written by Sheila Rooks, a 12 year old girl at Holland Park School, Kensington, London. Some more of her story is on page 13.

Life in a village in Uganda, drawn by Justin Kinyera

LUGANDA

Okufumba emere eye kina Uganda

Lwenasembayo okugenda kuyalo yebazalajja mu Buganda twalya emere nungi nnyo. Yatema etooke edene. Naliwata nalyoza bulungi. Yakisiba mu ndagala nali teka mu sepiki nafumba okumala nga esawa emu. Lyali likya nnyoka no muka nalijjula naligabula nenva eze binywbwa, enyama ensike ne kapiki omusike.

Owegulo nafumba akawunga keyagoye mu kasoli owa kyenvu, ne binyebwa binsanyuse. Tekwaliko mugati, naye nawo nwa emere eyekyalo.

Biwandikidwa Sara, owe mya e kuminena mu George Orwell School, Islington mu London.

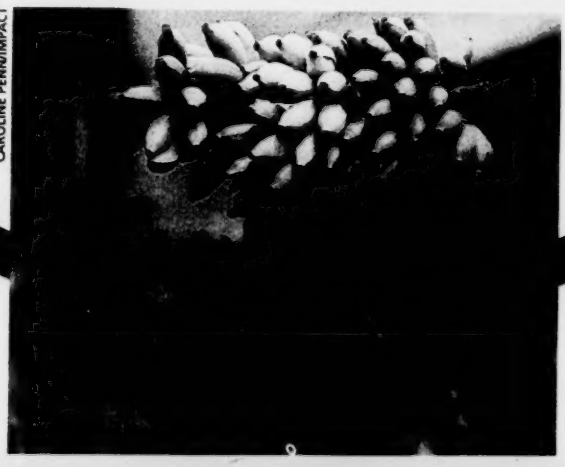
Preparing a Ugandan meal

The last time I went to my gran's village in Buganda, we had a nice meal. She cut down a large bunch of *matoke* (plantain). She peeled off the skin and washed the *matoke*. She wrapped them in green banana leaves and put them in a deep saucepan and cooked them for over an hour. When it was steaming hot she unwrapped the banana leaves and served the *matoke* with groundnut sauce, some fried meat and boiled cabbage.

In the evening she cooked a *posho* meal which she prepared from yellow maize flour with boiled groundnuts. There was no bread to go with it, but I enjoyed the village meal.

Written by Sara, a 14 year old girl at George Orwell School, Islington, London. Some more of her story is on pages 16 and 27.

CAROLINE PENN/IMPACT



Boy with bunch of matoke (plantain)

LUGANDA

Enkomerero ya wiki zange mu Uganda

Mu Uganda nali mbeera Entebbe, ekibuga ekinene ku njegoyego za lake Victoria. Ku Sunday nazukukanga buyise oluusi ku saawa nga nnya ezokumakya. Maama nga ayomba nti mwatu saawa zakusaba Sara. Yali amanyi nti singa nzukuuka nga bukyali ngya kuzukusa ne batobange twetegeke. Oluusi ne bayomba nga nti lwaki tugenda okusaba nga twandibadde mu gandaalo? Nze nayagala nga nnyo ogenda okusaba. Okusaba kwatandikanga saawa taano ezoku makya nekugwa ku saawa musanvu ne kitundu ezo muntuntu, kwatwalanga ekiseera kiwanvu nga nange kunkalubirira -mu. maama wange mukyala mwagazi wa bantu kaleno twadanga eka nabemikwano okuva mu kanisa.

Ebiseera ebimu ku nkomerero ya wiki twafuna nga abagenyi okuva ewa jjajja mu kyalo. batuleteranga ku mawogo, lumonde, matoke na mata. Bino twali tusobola okubigula mu katale Entebbe naye twasanyukanga nnyo okufuna ebyakava mu nimiiro ya jjajja. Twatwalanga abagenyi baffe ku lubalama lwe nyanja oluusi mu woteli okunywa kubinyogoga naye Entebbe yo teyabasanyusanga anti yalinga ejjuza ate nemotoka nga zilekana bulala mu kibuga. Kaleno basanyukanga nnyo okudayo mu kyalo.

Biwandikidwa Sara omuwala owe myaka kuminena nga asomera mu Goerge Orwell School mu Islington, e London.

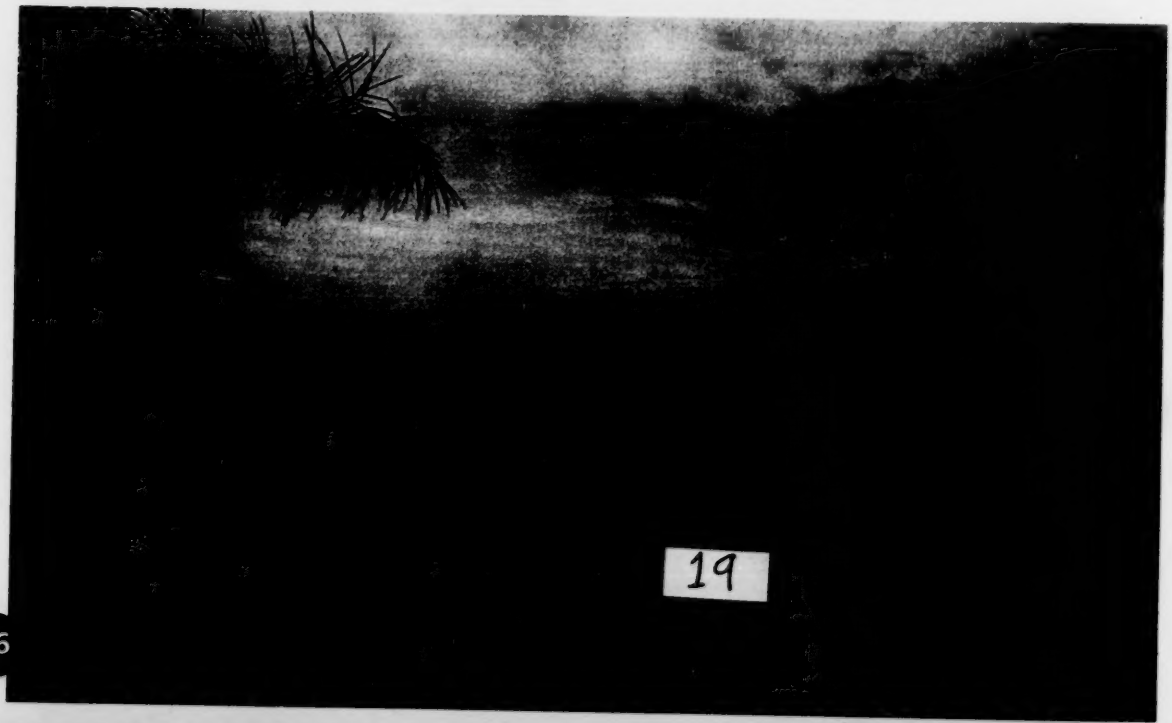
My weekends in Uganda

In Uganda I used to live in Entebbe which is a big town by Lake Victoria. On Sundays I used to wake up a bit later than weekdays – as late as ten in the morning. My mum would start shouting, 'Come on, church time, Sara'. She knew that if I got up in time I would get my two young brothers and my sister ready. Sometimes they complained, 'Why do we have to go to church on a holiday?' But I was always willing to go to church. The services started at 11 a.m. and ended at 1.30 p.m. which was a long time even for me. My mum is a very friendly woman and so we always came back with some friends from church.

Sometimes at the weekend we got visitors from my gran's village. They usually brought with them some cassava, sweet potatoes, *matoke* (green plantain) and milk. We could buy these things from the market in Entebbe but we were always glad to get fresh vegetables and fruit from gran's farm. We used to take our visitors to the beach and sometimes to a hotel for a drink, but they found Entebbe too crowded and full of noise from cars. So our visitors were always glad to be going back to their village.

Written by Sara, a 14 year old girl at George Orwell School, Islington, London. Some more of her story is on pages 15 and 27.

Lake Victoria, view from Entebbe



JORN ST JERNEKLAR/IMPACT

WAR

ATESO

Ijiisio Lumuudun

Mam eong abu aminakite ak'aiboi ko Uganda naarai ajaasi itunga lu etaraunitos bala ti akec aswam aitukurian luce itunga. Mam aiboi cut arai na ainapaara anu apolor duc aruo naka imuudun. Ngin itunganan kere ajaasi ka imuudun. Apaaran adiope abu emuudu oduwor isawan lu ajaar eong aimyam. Kwape araar kinga abu oduworor, mam do eong abu apedo ajenun itunganan yen enomarit arasasit ngin. Ajaasi itunga lu epudasi aiyar papaka nepepe ka totoka lu da apotu okerata aisii. Abu eong adolu Bulaaya nepepe ka edege. Ejokuna Bulaaya naarai mam imuudun itosomao ainomonomia itunga.

Ewadikan: George Isodo, isapat yen ikar 11 yen esiomi Bishop Thomas Grant School, Lambeth, London. Ekamunitos nu akiro nu abu ngesi olimonokite esisianakinan ke.

ACHOLI

Lweny i Uganda

Ikare ma lweny ocake i Uganda, atamo ni wan weng dong watum woko. Onongo watye katemo me cito bot dadawa i Kenya. Ikare ma watye i yoo me cito, larem wora ojuku wa ka owaci ka wamede ki cito anyim, ci gibineko wa woko. Ma dong watye kaloke me dok cen, bombom ocelo tyen mutoka pa mamana cut. Oterwa kare malac mada me aa ki kakany menongo ka ma watwero gwoke iye. Wadeno can madit mada i dyewor pien onongo pe wacamo dok bene pe watwero nino pien lumony onongo gitye ka wire me yenyo ka ma wora tye iye, ma ka onongo gunong en, kono guneko en woko.

Kidiku ma dong wacoo, mama owaciwa ni wegiwa gitero i buc. Wabedo ki par madit pien watamo ni gibineko en woko. Neru wora obino ka owaciwa ni wora owaci omyero wacito i London ma peya ginongo wa.

Lacor lok man obedo Emily Achieng ma mwakane tye aparwiye abic, dok kwano i gang kwan pa anyira ma tye i Harrow, middlesex, London.

Guns

I didn't like it in Uganda because people were scaring other people. It was no good because of the guns and the shooting. Everybody had guns. Once I was eating and a gun went off. The boom was outside so I don't know who shot the gun. Some people wanted to kill my dad because my mum and dad ran away.

I came to England in an aeroplane. England is nice because the guns don't shoot people.

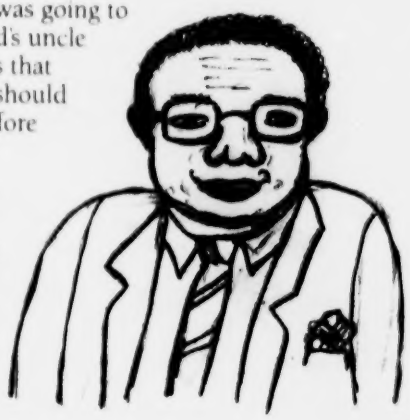
By George Isodo, an 11 year old boy at Bishop Thomas Grant School, Lambeth, London. This was an oral account given to his teacher. Some more of his story is on page 10.

War in Uganda

When the war started in Uganda I thought that it was going to be the end of us. We were trying to go to Kenya to stay with my mum's mum. On the way we were stopped by my dad's friend who said if we went on ahead we would be killed. As we were turning back, a bomb went past us and hit my mum's car tyre. It took us ages to get out of that place to get to safety. We all suffered a very bad night because we had not eaten and we could not go to sleep because the soldiers were looking for my dad and if they found him he could have been killed.

The next morning when we woke up my mum told us that our dad had been taken to prison. We were all worried because we thought that he was going to be killed. My dad's uncle came and told us that my dad said we should go to London before they found us.

Written by Emily Achieng Otim, a 15 year old girl at school in Harrow, Middlesex. Some more of her story is on pages 12, 28 and 30.



My dad, drawn by Patrick Odur, age 12

ANDRE HAMPARTZOUMIA/GAMMA

A child soldier in the NRA army in 1985

ACHOLI

Lumony

I kare ma lweny ocake onongo atye ki mwaka adek. Nera obedo ki lworo tutwal ci oringo oweka woko. Onongo watye kangwec kacel. An onongo atidi tutwal ma pe atwero ngwec maber. Laco mo ma otii makite ber obino ka otinga ka oringo kweda i ot madit. Ot man onongo obedo pa watwa mo acel. Kany keken aye onongo ka ma watwero gwoke iye. Donyo i ot obedo tek pien dogola ma woko onongo dit dok pek. Lacen wadonyo i ot ka wa bedo kacel kamalac. Apo ni abedo kilworo tutwal – pien atamo ni ngat mo twero donyo i ot. Ento mama owaci, 'pe ibed ki lworo – gin mo pekke'.

Wora owaci omyero wabed ki lumony mamegwa wek wagwok kwowa. Wora onongo cwinye tek. En obedo ikin joo ma gikwongo neko gi. Neru na gudoko lumony ma mwakagi onongo tye apar, aparwiye acel ki aparwiye aryo.

Latin anyaka me mwaka abungwen ma kwano i Richmond, Middlesex, London, aye otito lok man.

Soldiers

When the war started I was about three. My cousin was so scared that he ran away and left me outside. He was running with me. I was too small to run properly. A kind old man came and picked me up and ran with me to the big house. The house belonged to one of our relatives. It was the only safe place. It was difficult to get in because the gates were big and heavy. We all moved into the big place and shared. I remember being scared – I thought someone was coming in. But mum said, 'Don't worry – there's nothing'.

My dad said we had to have our own soldiers so we can be safe. My dad was brave. He was one of the first men to be killed. My cousins had to be soldiers at ten, 11 and 12 years old.

By a 9 year old girl at primary school in Richmond, Middlesex. This was an oral account given to her teacher. Some more of her story is on pages 7 and 25.

GUJARATI

પીસ્તોલની ગોળીનું કાણું

યુગાન્ડામાં લડાઇ ચાલતી હતી મને યાદ છે. કોક દીવસ જ્યારે મારા પરીવાર સાથે હું મંદિરે જતો હોઉ ત્યારે મરી ગયેલ અને લોહીમાં ખરડાયેલાની બહુજ ખરાબ વાસ આવતી હતી.

આ લડાઇમાં એક રાત્રે મીલીટ્રીના સીપાઇઓ અમારા ઘરમાં ઘુસી ગયા અને ઘરના બધાને બારે ફળીયામાં કાઢી અને મારા દાદાને તેઓ એક ઓરડામાં લઇ ગયા અને તેના માથા ઉપર પીસ્તોલ રાખી ગોઠણ ભર ચલાવ્યા અને અમારા બધા પૈસા લઇ ગયા.

લડાઇના ટાઇમમાં પીસ્તોલના અવાજ સંભળાતા. એક દીવસ હું મારા દાદા દાદીના ઓરડામાં હતો ને હું જમીન પર સુતો હતો. મેં અવાજ સાંભળ્યો. હું જાગી ગયો. મારા દાદા દાદીએ મારો પગ ખેંચ્યો ને હું જમીન ઉપર પડયો. અને તેજ ટાઇમે મેં પીસ્તોલનો અવાજ સાંભળ્યો. સવારે ઉઠીને મેં જોયું તો પીસ્તોલની ગોળીની નીશાની હતી કે જ્યાં મારું માથું હતું. મને બીજું કાંઇ યાદ નથી પણ એટલું યાદ છે કે અમે યુગાન્ડા શા માટે છોડયું. મારા દાદા દાદીએ વીચાર્યું કે બચ્ચાઓ માટે આ જગ્યા સલામત નથી.

પછી હવે ઓરપોર્ટ ઉપર મારા સીવાય બધાંજ રડતા હતા. પ્લેનમાં બેસી હું જોતો હતો કે મારા દાદા દાદી અમોને આવજો કરતાં હતાં. પ્લેન ઉપડી ગયું.

હું તો બહુજ ખુશ હતો કેમકે પ્લેનમાં હું પહેલી વાર બેઠો. જ્યારે અમે પ્લેનમાંથી ઉતર્યા ત્યારે મેં બરફ પડતો જોયો અને બરફ પડતો મેં પહેલી વાર જોયો. આ વાત કરતીકી પટેલે લખી છે અને તે છોકરો ગુજરાતી હતો અને ૧૪ વર્ષનો હતો અને તે હોલેન્ડ પાર્ક સ્કુલ કેન્ઝીંગટન લંડનમાં ભણતો હતો.

Kartikey Patel at school in London

CLIFF PEARCEY

JENNY MATTHEWS

Hindu temple in Kampala

The bullet hole

I remember there was a war in Uganda, and some days when my family and I went to the Hindu temple, you could see dead bodies covered in blood, and it smelled a lot. During this war there was one night when the military broke into our house. Everyone in the house went into the passage. They took my grandfather into his room. They made him walk on his knees with a gun to his head. They took all our money.

During the war you would hear guns going off. One day I was in my grandparents' room. I was sleeping on the floor when I heard a noise. I got up. My grandmother pulled my leg and I fell on the floor. At the same time I heard a gun shot. In the morning when I looked at the wall, there was a hole in the wall, a bullet hole which was where my head had been.

I can't remember any more, but I do remember why we left Uganda. My grandparents thought it was an unsafe place for children to be. At the airport we all cried except me. When I was on the plane I saw my grandad waving at us. Then the plane took off. I was very excited because it was my first time in a plane. When we got off the plane it was snowing and that was the first time I saw snow.

Written by Kartikey Patel, a 14 year old Ugandan Asian boy at Holland Park School, Kensington, London. Some more of Kartikey's story is on page 11.

MY LIFE

ACHOLI/LUO

Kwo Na

An latin Acholi, kinywala i Lira taun ikare ma onongo wora tye katic kunu. An abedo cogo ikin wa wan litino aparwiye acel. Ka wiya po pi tino na ci anongo ni eno aye kare ma pwod oloyo ducu i kwo na.

Inge nongo loc ken pa Uganda i 1962, kikobo wa woko i Kampala. Ladit mamera aye onongo dong onongo rwom madit mada, en aye dong odoko lalo abili ducu me Uganda. Ki kany kwo manyen ocake woko botwa.

Cako kwana obedo maber tutwal. Primary cukul ma acito iye en aye onongo ber loyo ki i Uganda. Pwony ducu ki pwonyo ki leb munu keken ka doki kicel kicel ki pwonyo bene leb munu me France. Ki kany abedo i kin luwer me school, kadi wa kombedi ni pwod amaro wero wer tutwale wer lega. Lunyodo na gubedo Lukristayo matek mada. Man oweko pe wakeng lega ceng cabit ducu ki kwano jiri.

Mwaka ki mwaka wakwero nino pa United Nations. Man onongo obedo nino me yom cwiny tutwal, inino man litino ducu ruku ruk ma lubu tekwaro gi dok bene gikelo cam ma pat pat ki gangi man obedo cam ma calo layata, odi nyim nyo pul, gwana ki kit dek ma pat pat.

,Leb Acholi (Luo) obedo leb mamera doki aloko maber ento pe aromo cono ne nyo kwano ne maber. Man obedo pi kit kwan ma mera pien acako kwan ki leb munu cut ci oweko pe apwonyo cono nyo kwano ne. Man bene pe rac gire.

I kare cani kwan ma ki bedo ki i cukul (boarding) en aye ber loyo. Pi man litino wa ducu gubedo ka kwan i 'boarding' cukul. Mega onongo dok nen calo pat manok gwok pi bedo acogo obala woko. Tyena pe omito ki nyono lakit 'boarding' cukul moni ni. Kong tamo kit me weko gang keken pe bino iwiya. Onongo pe angeyo ni abibedo labongo lunyodo na anyim.

Pwoch ki yom cwinya ducu acwalo bot lunyodo na me mina pit maber ki pwony muromo tutwale pi ber kit.

Tyen mukwongo na me ito dege ki kato woko ki i Uganda en aye ikare ma onongo dong atye i senior i mwaka me adek. Acito i

I was born in Lira, a town in northern Uganda. I am from the Luo tribe. We come from a different area of the north but my father was working in Lira. I am the last born of our family of 11 children. My memories of my childhood are the best part of my life.

After the independence of Uganda in 1962, we moved to the capital city, Kampala, to start a new life. My father had a very high and important post in the new government, running the police force of Uganda.

I went to the best primary school in the whole of Uganda. All the subjects were taught in English and there were also French lessons. I was in the school choir and up to now I enjoy singing hymns and carols, especially in church. I was born of a Christian family and my parents were very strict about all of us attending weekly church services and studying the bible.

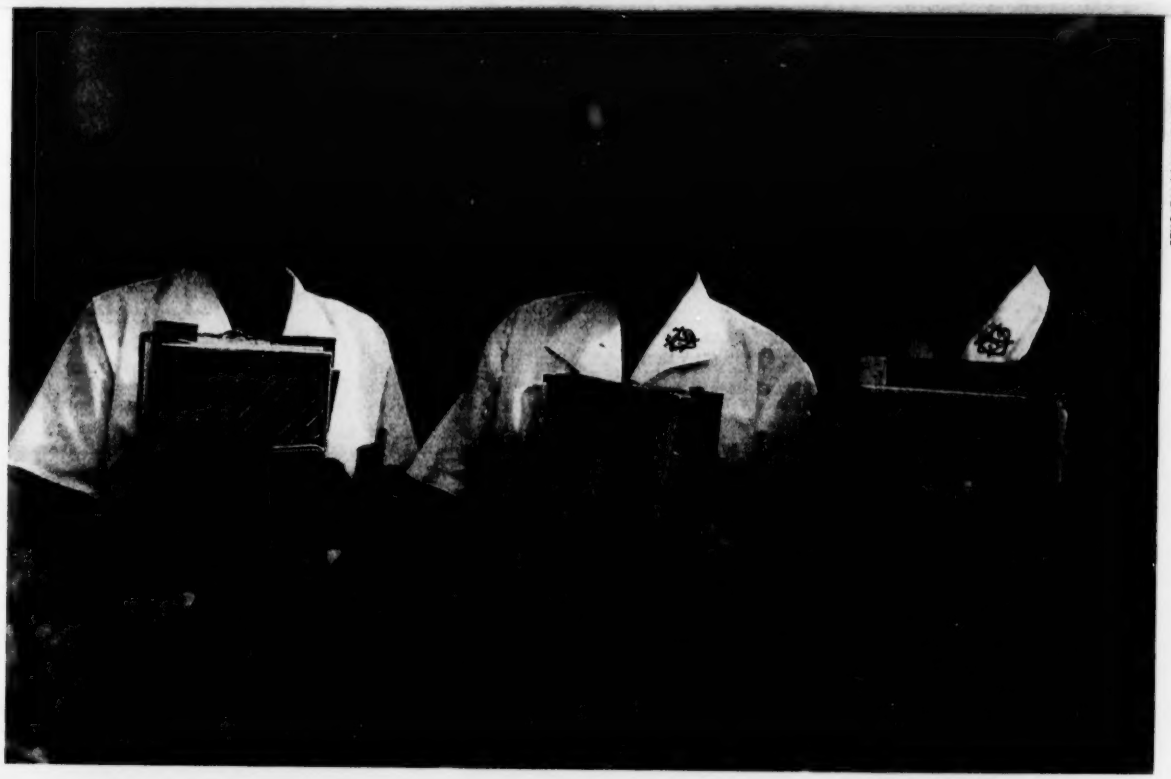
Every year in my school we used to celebrate United Nations Day. This was really fun as we would all dress up in our traditional clothes and bring along samples of our traditional food, like sweet potatoes and home made peanut butter or deep fried cassava.

I learnt how to speak my mother tongue, Luo, from birth. But because I started my education in English right from the beginning, I never studied my language in school. I can only communicate in it verbally. I try to write and read it but not perfectly, but this is not a problem.

At home boarding school was considered the best form of education. Most of my sisters and brothers went to boarding school. My case was different, maybe because I was the baby of the family and naturally spoilt. I never attended boarding school. The thought of leaving home and my parents was something I could not imagine. Little did I know there would come a time when I would be without them.

I am very grateful to my parents for having given me such a strict but balanced lifestyle. Although they gave me a lot of love and attention, they made sure my manners and education came first.

During my third year in secondary school I went for a pilgrimage trip to Rome for one week. This was my first travel abroad and it was so exciting. Travelling on a Boeing aeroplane for the first time



RON GILLINGRANOS PICTURES

High school for girls, Kampala

Rome pi cabit acel man obedo lim me dini ma ki ileb munu ki lwongo ni "pilgrimage". Tuk ki dege Boeing tyen mukwongo oyomo iya mukato kare woko. Aneno jami weng beco, lutic ma iye dong onongo mito neka woko ki yom cwiny. Cut cut atugi waco atura ni man aye dong tica. Atugi cako yenyo yo ne woko ci anongo ni ki gamo dano ma otyeko class angwen (senior four/O level). Kadi bedi onongo akato me cito malo i Aya (A level) atugi kwero woko pi cito ka tic i dege. Lok man lunyodo na gujolo doki gu gona iye laa.

Ada adonyo bot jo ma yam onongo ki lwongo gi ni East African Airways Cooporation i mwaka 1975 ka pwonye me tic macalo Air Stewardess – anyira ma konyo luwot. Kit ma calo gang kal madit me pa joni onongo tye i boma madit me Kenya ma ki lwongo ni Nairobi ni pi man aweko gang wa woko acito ka bedo kunu. Onongo ki kany abedo i ot ma mera dok bene ki kany angeyo jami ma pol tutwal kit ma man obedo acaki kwo dito ni.

Tic obedo mit tutwal. I kare ma pwod atye ka pwonye onongo atiyo i East Africa keken (tedero), ento ma dong akato acako wot i wi lobo ducu. Acito i London, Paris, Rome, Brussels, Dusseldorf, Dubai, Bombay, Cairo ki Addis Ababa. Ki gum marac tur pa East African Community i mwaka 1976 oo wa i tur pa East African Airways, man oweko ngo ma atim oloya woko.

and watching air stewardesses serving on board, I automatically knew that that was the career I wanted. I found out that you could be taken in for training after completing 'O' levels. I was so thrilled. I then made up my mind not to go in for 'A' levels but to join the airlines after my 'O' levels. My parents accepted this.

I joined the former East African Airways Corporation in 1975 and trained as an air stewardess. During this period I left home and was living in Nairobi, the capital city of Kenya, as that was where the airline was based. I had my own flat and learnt a lot from that time as it was the beginning of my adult life.

I had a very interesting and exciting career. I travelled to London, Paris, Rome, Brussels, Dusseldorf, Dubai, Bombay, Cairo and Addis Ababa. I only did domestic flights during training, and after that it was just international flights. Unfortunately, the airline collapsed at the end of 1976, and I could not think of what to do next.

I dwe me aryo mwaka 1977 Wora ki neko woko nek aconya pi lok ayela yela me lobo. Nicake i nino ma ki neko iye laditi, piny otugi loke woko mapat ki botwa wan weng litine kacel ki megiwa. I lok ada jami mapol otime nicake inino meno 1977 nio wa imwaka 1984 ma ka awaci aket piny ci romo buk kulu.

Ki gum ma maber imwaka 1984 Uganda Airlines olwonga ka tic botgi pien onongo lutic ma gukwano tic gi calo an ni nok tutwal. Ada adok ka tic idege.

I January 1986, gamente pa Museveni (NRM) oleyo loc ma gukwanyo tek tek. Jami weng acako bale woko ni ranyaranya. Too pa dano ocako ito malo. Too acako doko dit itaun ki wa i kin paci weng. Too pe oweko ngati mo kulu, jo ma pe lubal, luyom cwiny, ludito wa litino weng. Kwo odoko tek ma wa wilo kado nyo sukari dong odoko kolo man gwok.

Pol dano mayam tye ka tic ki ryemo gi woko ki i dog ticgi ma dong oweko pe giromo bedo i taun nyo i Kampala. Kwan odoko tek pien lunyodo pe romo culu pic kadi wilo uniform nyo buk keken bene oloyo gi woko. Cukul mapol idye caro ki tyeko loro gi woko. Jami wa ducu mere odoko pala ma kili.

I mwaka 1986 kiryemo pol lutic me Uganda Airlines woko niweng. An ki koma dong angeyo ni kwo dong bigik kany dok bene dong pe abi paro gin ma anyim. A weko Kampala acito woko paco dong ka bedo icaro.

In February 1977, I lost my beloved father who was murdered under political circumstances. From that day the world became a different place for my mother, me and the rest of the family. A lot of things happened between 1977 and 1984 that would need a whole encyclopedia to recall.

Anyway, fortunately in 1984 the Uganda Airlines Corporation were short of staff and I was very lucky to be enroled immediately as an airline stewardess.

The present government came into power in 1986. In the late 1980s the situation in Uganda began to get worse politically for our people. A lot of lives were being lost frequently, both in the city and in the villages. These included innocent old people and children. Life became so expensive in Uganda that many people could not even afford to buy salt or sugar.

Many people became jobless and couldn't afford to live in the city anymore. Children stopped going to school because their parents just could not afford to pay the fees, or buy them uniforms and books. A lot of schools, especially in the villages, just closed down. My family lost a lot of things and we had almost nothing left.

Uganda Airline's entire work force was made redundant in 1986. This time I knew there was no life left for me and I just didn't care what happened next. I left the capital city Kampala and went to live in the village.

Village in Uganda, drawn by Anna's nephew, Laurent Oryema, age 9

I mwaka 1987 onongo lweny tye magwar tutwal ikin mony pa gamente ki olum gi. Ki maka abedo ilum pi dwe abicel kulu. Kwo obedo matek tutwal dok bene aneno gin ma ki lwongo ni peko nyo can ni. Pol lumegi na ki omegi na onongo dong guringo woko ento mego onongo dong goro pe romo kato kamo.

Piny odoko ding, atamo ni omyero dong a kan kodi. I mwaka 1990 ma cito ka tum aa woko adwogo Kampala ka yube me lwi.

Ma dong angeyo atir ni abiaa woko ki i Uganda dye wor ne nino pe omito wa ki kwalo wanga. Abedo ka penye kekena ni man ibicito kwene? ka ngo? ada nè tye kwene? Tam keken me weko paco ki mego ki ka bedo calo oring ayela keken kong gin ma yam peke iwiya. Tam weng obino woko. Atamo pi kare me tino na ducu, kit ma yam wora opito wan kwede ki tam ma onongo tye kwede piwa ianyim ducu atamo woko.

Aweko Entebbe ki odiko ma pwod ngic. Kit ma yam dong angeyo London coni tam mo ma calo ngico ka piny mo nongo pe tye ka yelo wiya. Gin ma onongo tye ka mina lworo ki par madongo en aye cako kwo i lobo rok.

Butu na mukwongo i London oyelo wiya tutwal. Anongo ni aco ki diko i wi kitanda mo ma pat. Piny col ata, pe angeyo bene ni cawa kono adi pien onongo apeke ki cawa. Angiyo mere ki paco ma ingeyo piny ki gweno, ki winyi mukene ki kwar piny ki ceng. Kong atamo ni atye ka lek ento kara dong cat ot pa omonya (kite ducu enu).

Bino na i ulaya ni dong obedo bino me cako kwo ma nyen pe kit ma yam alimo alima ni. Koma opo ni rik ci oweko angeyo ni myero kong apwony jami mapol kit ma jami ma kany pat ki ma paco ni pien an pwod akuri ma'welo. Jami awila weng onongo aneno ni welgi tye piny tutwal ka aporo ki ma paco. Otera kare malac tutwal me-nyiyo ki cam makany man obedo pien ni ki paco kun wacamo cam madit kicel keken. Cam calo odeyo muni gini onongo peke gire doki kadi bed inong ento wele keken ryemi woko. Pol dano camo pot dek ki jami calo twon gweno pu Lukoch. Ringo ki gweno ki kit aranyi pa gamete ni dong odoko nok woko.

In 1987 I had a terrible experience for about six months, living in the bush. This was the time when there were clashes between the rebels and government forces. During this time, I had the roughest time, and I learnt what it really means to suffer. Most of my sisters and brothers had fled the country, but my mother just could not leave home under any circumstances.

I decided to leave the country because it was so insecure. It took me a long time to make up my mind. Finally, at the end of 1990 I decided to go. I then went to Kampala where I prepared for my journey.

The last night in Uganda I could not sleep. I kept asking myself where I was going and if I was doing the right thing. The thought of leaving home and my mother and going to live as a refugee was something I had never imagined. I thought of my childhood and my father and all the wonderful things he had done and planned for our future.

I left Entebbe airport on an early morning flight to London. The fact of travelling on a plane and arriving in London on a wintry night was nothing new or exciting to me, because I had experienced this several times before. My worry and fear was starting a new life on my own all over again in another country.

The first morning in London I found myself waking up in a strange bed. I looked around. Everything was dark. I couldn't tell what time it was because I did not have a watch. I was used to hearing the early cry of the chickens, and the bright sunshine at home would tell you it was morning. It was as if I was in the middle of a dream, but I was not.

This time I had not come to Britain on a trip but I had actually come to start a new life here. And I knew I had a lot to learn because everything was totally different from back home. Everything to me at the beginning seemed so very cheap compared to back home. It took me a long time to get used to the eating habits here. For a long time back home it was just one big meal a day. The habit of having snacks between meals was just not practised. Most of the things like biscuits, cakes, soft drinks, ice cream, sweets and chocolates were only seen in the capital city, and even if you wanted them it was impossible to afford them. People lived mostly on vegetables and beans. Meat and chicken was very rare.

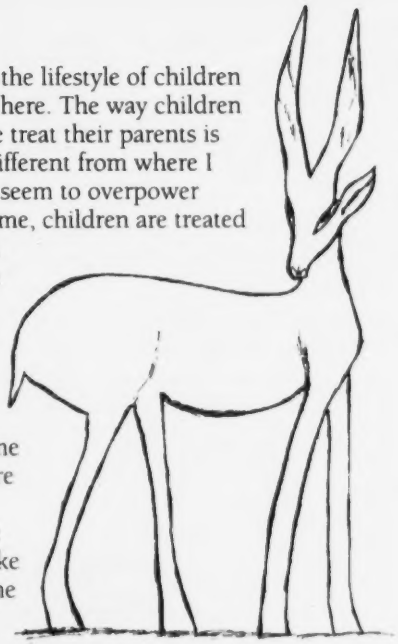
Pit makany aneno pat tutwal ki ma paco. Litino kany gire nen dok calo bwoyo ludito pe calo ma paco ma ki cako pwonyo latin ki woro ni. Aneno malit tutwal ka jo wamukene ma gin tye ka ngwaro tic pa muni weko jami kwaro gi woko. Jo mukene pe ye ni litino gi kucam cam ma paco weko ka latin dong oneno kwon ci wange loke woko, man lik tutwal pien cam wa ni ber dok bene en aye opito wan. Pe wa putu te okono woko Omegi na ki Lumegi na. Wa pwonyo wunu litino wa ki lebwa, camwa ki jami tekwaro wa moni ma pwod odong moko ne ni. Latina mukwongo anywalo i 1993, obedo latin laco. Nyodo na man oloko kwo na tutwal. Jami weng mere dong awaco ni jok jok malo keken.

Anna Abalo Oryema, Dako Uganda ma kwo i London, aye ocoyo lok man.

Anna Abalo Oryema and her son, Wilson, in London

BRIAN MORRISON

I have noticed the lifestyle of children and their parents here. The way children and young people treat their parents is something very different from where I come from. They seem to overpower grown ups. At home, children are treated strictly right from birth. Now I have noticed amongst Ugandan people I know that most of them have forgotten the culture at home and how they were brought up themselves. Some children even make faces looking at the traditional food we were nourished with.



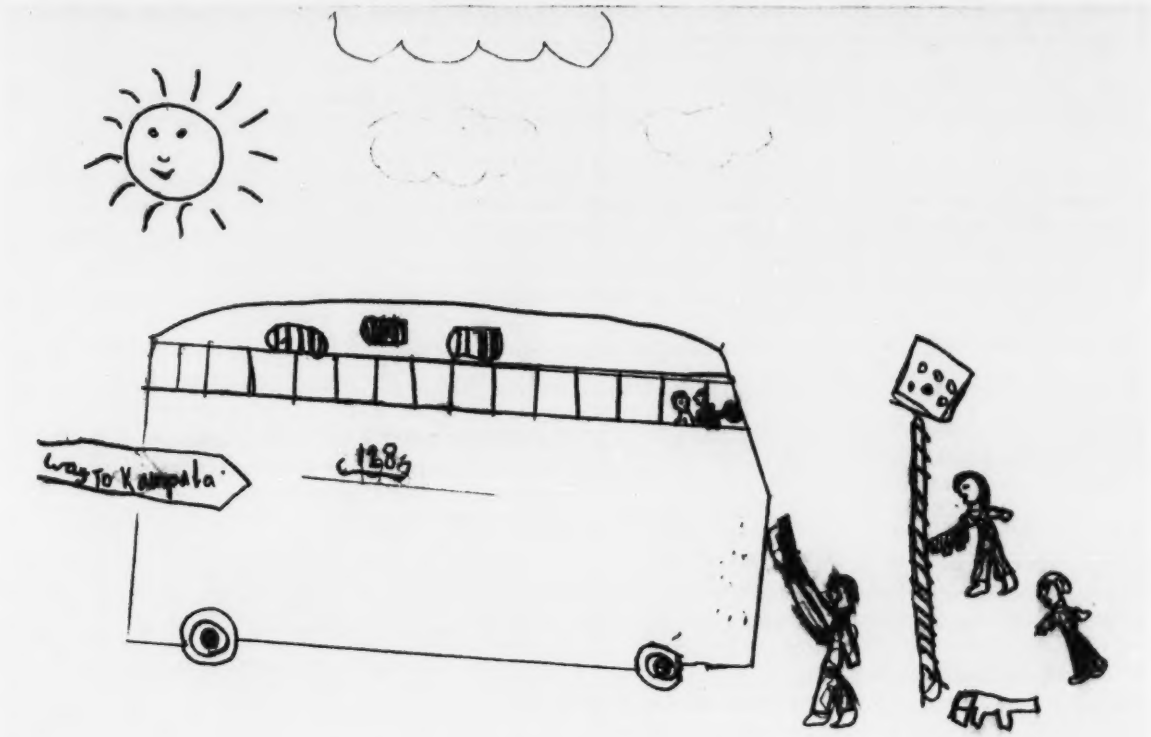
An Antelope,
drawn by Patrick Odur, age 12

These are the kind of things we should not ignore. We should teach our children where they originally come from, their mother tongue and their culture. No matter what little we have left back home we should always respect and value our land.

I had my first child in 1993. He has really changed my life and I am looking forward to bringing him up perfectly. With my plans for the future I am praying to God everyday and keeping my fingers crossed and hoping for the best.

Written by Anna Abalo Oryema, a Ugandan woman living in London.

LEAVING UGANDA



Soldiers on the way to Kampala, drawn by the author of this account

ACHOLI

Nino me aa

I kare ma onongo atye mwaka abicel, wacito i Kampala. Ma dong wa tye i bac me cito, wabedo ka cung tere tere pien lumony onongo tye mapol ata kamo keken ma waoo iye. Ka ginongoni karatac me woti peke ci gitwero neki woko. Mama onongo gwoko karatac me wote i longe onyo i gicane. Wabedo i Kampala pi cabit mo manok. Ingeye lacen mama owaco ni wabicito i Ulaya. Wakuru pi kare mo manok. Ikare ma waoo i badege Entebbe, warweny manok. Wabedo wakuru wa otyeno ka dege oo.

Apoo ni Waya onongo tye ka kuru wa i Ulaya, ka oterowa i gange. Wabedo pi dwe manok bot Waya kacel ki omarina.

Latin anyaka me mwaka abungwen ma kwano i Richmond, Middlesex, London, aye otito lok man.

Leaving

When I was about six we went to Kampala. In the coach to Kampala it was stop and go because there were lots of soldiers everywhere you went. If you didn't have your passport with you they would kill you. Mum always kept her passport in her trousers or her bag. We stayed in Kampala a few weeks. After that mum said we would go to England. We waited for a few days. When we got to the airport in Entebbe we were a bit lost. We had to wait until evening for an aeroplane to come.

I remember my aunt was waiting for us in England and she took us to her house. We lived there for a few months with my aunt and cousins.

By a 9 year old girl at primary school in Richmond, Middlesex. This was an oral account given to her teacher. Some more of her story is on pages 7 and 18.

LUGISHU

Khukhwitsa i Bulaya

Basaali base bakhalawo khurera bemungo mwefe i Bulaya iwekhuba khwabayo busoolo bwe bikuka mu Linambo lyefe, lye Uganda. Papa wase abe aba mu lumale lwekhuba abe bamwambalisa khuba a liamu iukhwe mu bakhula be Linambo, Shino Shishihali Shitufu tawe. Bifukhu bilala abe khutela khutsia khubona papa mu lumale. Abe anganikhatsakayo ari, 'Uhanziembelela isese taawe. Bahamdeshe indure ibulafu nga imbuka yolile. I losela ni llisoma atwela ni khusoma'. Buli ishi nabonelatsakila papa natandikhatsaka khulila. Papa wase naye alilatsaka. Inyanga ikindi papa wase aloma ari, 'Inga ba khungangulula inatsia, nakhumanya Shishinatsia khukholekha taawe'. Ne embelela nabi khu papa. Shilo Shitwela nga nakonile Mayi wase etsa khukhumbolela ari papa wo aliwo. Nekhoya naabi naabi khumubona. Khwaba Khutandikna khwe tsingabi tsingali lwekhuba baloma bari khulikhutsia i Bulaya.

Khwanyoa khualya imbako ye khusalikha khwa Yesu nio khwelakho khwangona ngona bye lukyendo. Isese ne embelela in basilikhale banakhwimisa ifefe khutsia oba baambe batwela khu fefe. Khwatsia mu Kenya khwamalayo kumwesi mutwela lwekhuba Mayi wase abe ali nikhulinda khwe Simu khukhwama ishi papa. Anyoa etsa i Bulaye ibeweeni weefe. Papa aloma ari. 'Inga nolile i Bulaya, inga khupe i simu ishi muli ate ingabaelise kamapesa kakowo ni kebabana'. Khwamenya i Kenya ni Mayi atwela ni Senje wefe.

Khulunakhu lwesi Khwalurira i Kenya nawulila ni lisuuno lye khwe Khutsia i Bulaya. Nebasa ini ikhanyalise khutsia mu lilekyelo lilayi ate inyalisanu khukhuyihea Lusungu. Khweyikatsaka mu lulimi lwefe lwonyene mu Shibala Shefe, ne bisela bilala khwa kanikhatsakho Lusungu lutini luri.

Ari aano i Bulaya nayiyika bibindu bikali naabi ate bulimbuka shinibasa khu shindu Shositsana taawe. Ne imbuka indala indankikha khulila lwekhuba nalekha bakhotsa base i Uganda. Niembelela ini shishinu sho i shibi shili khutsia khu bakholekhakho.

Imbulila bullayi nabi lwekhuba nawonesewa khukhwama mu lufu. Khale nambasa bainzira. Shimulila n'ga ingana khukhwilago lundi mu Shibala shase lwekhuba ishili ni khukhuembelela. Nenga abe ingana khuyeta mumukhosi kwositsana.

Bino byaronewa nu mukhana ishi balanga bari – Gift Nambafu, alli ni kimwiakha likhumi na kirano, lundi ali mu Lilekyelo lye Westwood High School, i Croydon, i London.

Coming to Britain

My parents decided to bring our family to England because there was tribal war in our country, Uganda. My dad had been in prison because he was suspected of undermining the government, which wasn't true. Sometimes we used to go to see him in prison. He used to say to me, 'Don't worry about me. They will let me out sometime. Continue with school and reading.' Whenever I saw my dad I started crying. My dad used to cry too. Another time my dad said, 'If they don't let me go, I don't know what is going to happen.' I was worried about him. One night I was asleep when my mum came to tell me that dad was there. I was very happy to see him. It was the beginning of big changes as they said we were going to England.

We had Christmas first and then we packed. I was scared the police would stop us leaving or catch some of us. We went to Kenya for one month because my mum had to wait for a telephone call from dad. He had come to England first. He said, 'When I reach England, I will telephone you and I will send some money for you and the children.' We stayed in Kenya with our mum and our auntie.

On the day we left Kenya I felt hopeful about going to England. I thought I would go to a nice school and I would learn English. We learned only our own language in our country, but sometimes we used to speak a little English.

Now here in England I have learnt many things and usually I don't think about anything. But sometimes I start crying because I have left my uncles in Uganda. I am afraid that something is going to happen to them.

I feel very happy because I was rescued from death. I could have been killed. I don't feel like going back to my country because I am still afraid. But I would like to help in some way.

Written by Gift Nambafu, a 15 year old girl at Westwood High School, Croydon, London.

Ugandan girl at a festival of Ugandan arts in North London organised by Ugandan Community Relief Association

KEEFA KIMANUKA/UCRA

LIFE IN BRITAIN

LUGANDA

Obunyogouu

Olunaku lwenatuka mu London okuva e Uganda, lwali lunyogovu nnyo ate ne mpewo nga myingi. Maama ya ngamba nnyambale kabuuti. Buli omu nagenda okulaba nga yambade kabuuti. Nali sambalanga ku kabuuti empavu ku kisaawe. Maama yangamba nti mu banga sidene obudde bugenda kuba bwabutiti dala. Nebuuza nga obudde nga bwebu nyogoga mu biseera ebyo butiti.

Kakati manyide embeera yo mu budde mubungereza era natambulako ogenda kusomera mu muziira omuyitirivu.

Biwandikidwa sara omuwala owe myaka kuminena nga asomera mu George Orwell School mu Islington, e London.

Cold

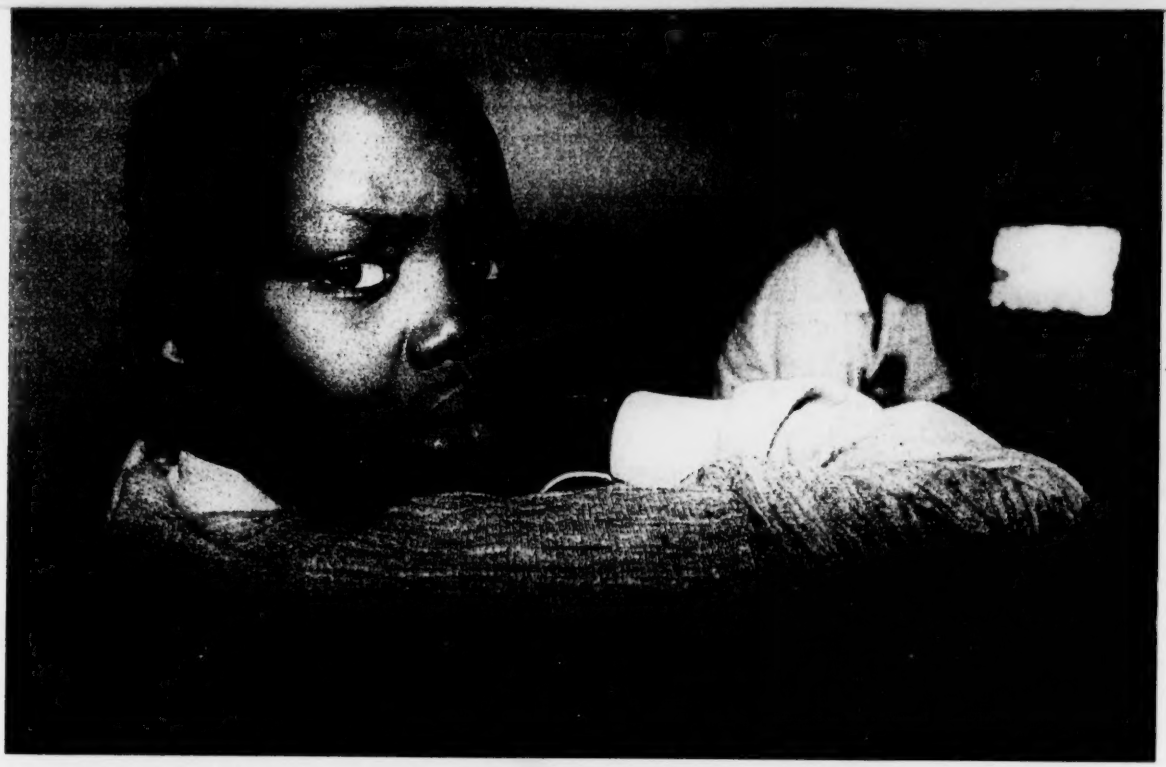
The day I arrived in London from Uganda it was cold and windy. My mum told me to put on my coat. I saw that everyone was wearing coats. I had never worn a coat before and I was surprised to see my mum carrying a long coat for me at the airport. My mum told me that it was soon going to be winter, and I wondered how cold it would be when it was really winter.

Now I've got used to the weather in Britain and I've even walked to school when it was snowing heavily.

Written by Sara, a 14 year old girl at George Orwell School, Islington, London. Some more of her story is on pages 15 and 16.

Sara at school in London

BRIAN MORRISON



ANDREW NORTH

A Ugandan boy with his mother in a council house in Britain. His father is in prison in Uganda

ACHOLI

Kwo i Harrow

I kare ma aoo i Ulaya, dano weng onongo kitgi ber dok lurem. Giminiwa rum acel i Hotel kama wabedo iye pi dwe maromo adek onyo angwen. I gang kwan ma akwongo cito iye, dano weng onongo gimito ngeyo kama aa iye, dok ki leb ango ma aloko. Ingeye lacen gicwalo wa kabedo i Harrow. Obedo tyena me acel me donyo i gar ma ringo ki ite ngom, ki me neno citep ma dire kene cito ping ite ngom, ka wire dugu malo (escalators).

Ki i gang kwan i Harrow, amako larem acel ma pire tek. I kare ma acako kwan, larema obino openyo nyinga ki kama aa iye, ki dok pingo abino kany. Atite lok ducu, en ogwoka maber i gang kwan, ka wawoto wakwede kacel me dok gang.

Pe amaro kit ma gipwonyo wa kwede kany pien pe atwero niang. Amaro kit ma onongo gipwonyo wa kwede i Uganda. Dok bene pe amaro kit ma pinye tye kwede kany pien pol kare nongo tye ma ngic. Aparo bene dek ma onongo acamo i Uganda pien pe gicweyo dano calo cam ma i Ulaya kany.

Lacor lok man obedo Emily Achieng ma mwakane tye aparwiye abic, dok kwano i gang kwan pa anyira ma tye i Harrow, Middlesex, London.

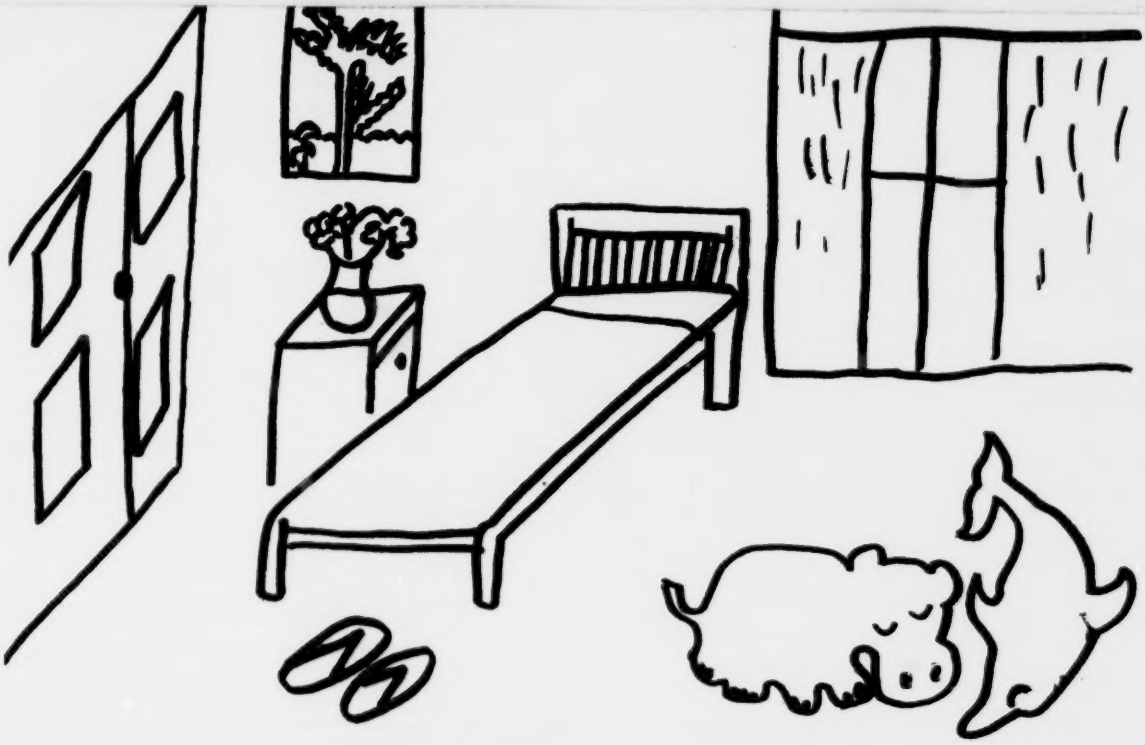
Living in Harrow

When I arrived in England everyone was friendly and kind to us. We were given a room in a bed and breakfast hotel where we stayed for about three to four months. At the first school I went to everyone wanted to know where I came from and what languages I spoke. We were then moved to Harrow. It was the first time I had ever been on a train and also seen stairs that move up and down (escalators).

I made one special friend at my middle school in Harrow. When I started the school she came and asked me my name and where I came from and why I moved here. I told her, and she looked after me in school and walked me home.

I don't really like the way they teach us here because I don't understand. I liked the way they taught us back in Uganda. I also don't really like the weather in this country because it is cold all the time. I also miss the food I used to eat in Uganda because it is not as fattening as the food in England.

Written by Emily Achieng Otim, a 15 year old girl at school in Harrow, Middlesex. Some more of her story is on pages 12,17 and 30.



My room in Britain, drawn by Christabel Achoya, age 16

LUGANDA

Ekiwubalo

Najja mu Bungereza mu mwaka 1990 nga nina emyaka kumi egyobukulu. Nga nakaja nawulira ekiwubalo musomero gyenatandikira. Nagendayo tamu emu yoka, kaleno salinayo mukwano. Nali njogera luzungu mu Uganda. Bwenajja mu Bungereza nesanga nga sisobola ku lwogera bulungi.

Nga twakajja twali tubeera mu woteri kumpi ne Heathrow. Eyo netuvayo netugenda mu woteri endala noluvanyuma netufuna enyumba. Sasoma okumala emyezi nga mukaga okutusa lwetwafuna ennyumba. Okuva olwo njize ebintu bingi. Njiize okusoma, okuwandika nokwogera olungereza obulungi. Nfunye emikwano kakati okusinga gyenayina gyenasokera okusoma.

Biwandikidwa Juliet Kitaka, owe myaka kuminena nga nsomera mu somera elya Sara Bonneel e Newham, London.

Feeling alone

I came to England in 1990 when I was ten years old. When I first came I felt alone in my primary school. I only went there for a term so I didn't have any friends. I used to speak English in Uganda. When I came to England I found I couldn't speak it properly.

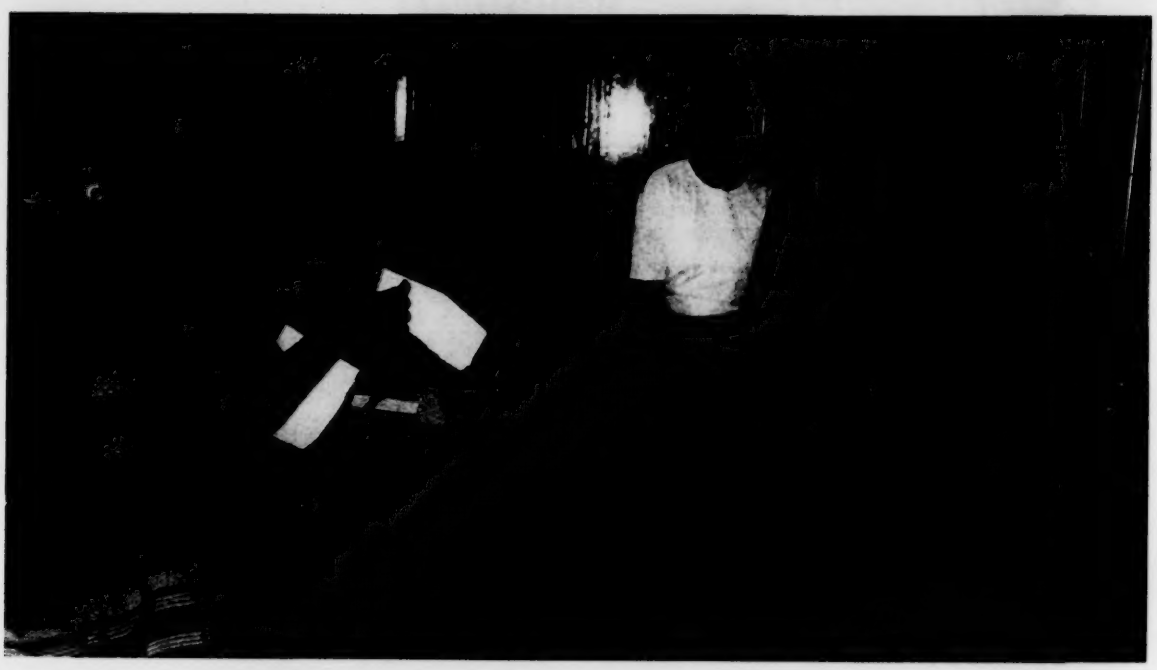
When we first came we lived in a hotel near Heathrow. Then we went to another hotel and after that we lived in a proper house. I didn't go to school for about six months until we moved to our house. Since then I've learnt a lot. I've learnt to read, write and speak English better. I've made more friends than I had in my primary school.

Written by Juliet Kitaka, a 14 year old girl at Sarah Bonnell School, Newham, London. Some more of her story is on page 14.

BRIAN MORRISON

Juliet Kitaka at school in London

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE



KEEFA KIWANUKAJUCRA

Ugandans from the Western Nile Welfare Association dancing at a festival of Ugandan arts in North London, organised by Ugandan Community Relief Association

ACHOLI

Ka Lweny Ogik...

Ka lweny ogik I Uganda, agenoni abidok cen kacako kwo maber kit macon onongo wakwo kwede wan ki mana kacel ki wora. Amiti bene adok anen wacina, neru ki lumara ma dong peya anenogi pi mwaka ma romo abic kulu. Lurema mapol ki i gang kwan kany gipenyani, ka giwaci ayer ikin kwo i Uganda ki kwo i Ulaya kany, mene ma ayero? Awwaci gi ni ayero kwo i Uganda pien kwo kunu mit, piny lyet dok bene itwero tinu gin mo keken ma imito. Dok bene pe iyele me cito i polota ni wek iwil nyig yadi acama, pien nongo gipol ata ipoto inget gang. Gin mukene muweko amaro Uganda aye ni dano maro woro.

Ageno ni nino mo acel Lubanga bikelo kuc i Uganda, ci kwo bidwogo cen kit ma onongo tye con.

Lacor lok man obedo Emilyi Achieng ma mwakane tye aparwiye abic, dok kwano i gang kwan pa anyira ma tye i Harrow, Middlesex, London.

If the war stops...

If the war stops in Uganda I hope to go and make a better life in Uganda and live how I used to live with my mum and dad. I also want to see my aunts and uncles and cousins who I have not seen for about five years. Many friends of mine at my school here ask me if I had a choice to live in Uganda or England which one would I pick? I tell them Uganda because it's nice and hot there and you can do what you want. You don't have to go to the shops and buy fruits because you have a garden full of different fruits. The other thing I like about Uganda is discipline.

I hope one day God will bring peace to Uganda and life will be the same as it was.

Written by Emily Achieng Otim, a 15 year old girl at school in Harrow, Middlesex. *Some more of her story is on pages 12, 17 and 28.*

Resources for teachers

BOOKS – NON-FICTION:

Africa South of the Sahara 1995, London, Europa Publications, 1994, pp 966-987.

Uganda: The Failure to Safeguard Human Rights, London, Amnesty International, 1992. *Most recent full-length Amnesty report; still highly relevant and including useful map.*

Hansen, Holger Bernt and Twaddle, Michael (eds.), ***Religion and Politics in East Africa: The Period Since Independence,*** London, James Currey, 1995. *Includes one whole section and much other material on Uganda.*

Hansen, Holger Bernt and Twaddle, Michael (eds.), ***From Chaos to Order: The Politics of Constitution-Making in Uganda,*** London, James Currey, 1994. *Examines problems of securing a fair and workable constitution.*

Hansen, Holger Bernt and Twaddle, Michael (eds.), ***Changing Uganda: The Dilemmas of Structural Adjustment and Revolutionary Change,*** London, James Currey, 1991.

Hansen, Holger Bernt and Twaddle, Michael (eds.), ***Uganda Now: Between Decay and Development,*** London, James Currey, 1988

Kato, Wycliffe, ***Escape From Idi Amin's Slaughterhouse,*** London, Quartet Books, 1989. *A vivid personal account by a Ugandan refugee.*

Mamdami, Mahmood, ***Imperialism and Fascism in Uganda,*** Nairobi, Heinemann Educational, 1983. *A clear examination of persecution and repression of minorities.*

Mutibwa, Phares, ***Uganda Since Independence: A Story of Unfulfilled Hopes,*** London, C. Hurst & Co., 1992. *A full and readable account.*

The Hidden Cost of Aids: The Challenge of HIV to Development, London, Panos Books, 1994. *Includes a lot on the impact of AIDS on Ugandan society.*

Robertson, A.F., ***Community of Strangers: A Journal of Discovery in Uganda,*** Aldershot, Scolar Press, 1986. *Interesting narrative and good account of daily life and customs.*

BOOKLETS, BRIEFING PAPERS, FACT SHEETS, PACKS:

Uganda Fact Sheet, Action Aid.

Uganda: Human Rights Violations by the National Resistance Army, London, Amnesty International, 1991.

School, Coffee and Squash, London, Christian Aid, 1993. *Leaflet looking at development initiatives.*

Swift, Anthony, ***Development Against the Odds,*** Oxford, Oxfam, 1991. *Comprehensive booklet detailing Oxfam's work in Uganda including with women, disabled people and those affected by AIDS.*

Country Report: Uganda, London, Save the Children Fund, 1993. *Newsletter with a lot of useful information.*

Dunn, Andrew, ***Social Consequences of HIV-AIDS in Uganda (Overseas Department Working Paper No. 2),*** London, Save the Children Fund, 1992. *Brief report on the impact of AIDS on Ugandan society, especially on children.*

The Uganda Asylum Seekers' Handbook, London, Ugandan Asylum Seekers' Association, London, 1990. *Booklet explaining UASA's work, including good section on why Ugandans leave their country.*

This is our Africa, London, VSO, 1992. *Pack of photographs taken by African photographers, including some by Ugandan photographers, with activities.*

BOOKS – FICTION:

Novels and stories

Kibera, Valerie (ed.), ***An Anthology of East African Short Stories,*** Harlow, Longman. *Includes stories by Ugandan authors. Wide-ranging introduction. Each story followed by study questions.*

Magombe, Vincent, ***Mr Kalogo's Factory,*** Oxford, Heinemann, 1994. *Children's novel.*

Nagenda, John, ***The Seasons of Thomas Tebo,*** Oxford, Heinemann. *About a youth who becomes dangerously involved in politics and is forced into exile.*

p'Bitek, Okot, ***White Teeth,*** Nairobi, Heinemann Kenya, 1989. *Novel by leading Ugandan poet.*

p'Bitek, Okot, ***Acholi Proverbs,*** Nairobi, Heinemann Kenya/East African Educational Publishers, 1985. *Collection giving useful insight into the Acholi people and their lives.*

Resources for teachers

Wangusa, Timothy, *Upon This Mountain,* Oxford, Heinemann, 1989. *Tracing young Ugandan village man's journey to adulthood as traditional rituals collide with Western values.*

Poems

Amateshe, A.D (ed.), *An Anthology of East African Poetry,* Harlow, Longman, 1985. *Includes poems by Ugandan writers. Aimed at secondary schools.*

Moore, Gerald and Beier, Ulli (eds.), *The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry,* London, Penguin, 1984. *Includes poems by Ugandan writers.*

VIDEOS:

Uganda: Kale Nyabo (Women Farmers in Uganda), (30 mins). *Obtainable from Action Aid (see Useful Addresses).*

MATERIALS ON REFUGEES:

International Broadcasting Trust, *Refugees in Today's Europe: An Action Video Pack,* 1992. *A video with accompanying activities for 14-plus, available from Academy Television, 104 Kirkstall Road, Leed LS3 1JS.*

Melzak, S., and Warner, R., *Integrating Refugee Children into Schools,* Medical Foundation for Care of Victims of Torture and Minority Rights Group, 1992. *Six-page leaflet for teachers on the psychological aspects of working with refugee students. Single copies available free with an A4 SAE from Minority Rights Group.*

Rutter, Jill, *Refugees: We Left Because We Had To,* Refugee Council, 1991. For 14-18 year olds – background information and activities.

Rutter, Jill, *Refugees: A Resource Book for 8-13 year olds,* Refugee Council, 1992.

Rutter, Jill, *Refugee Children in the Classroom,* Trentham Books, 1994. *For teachers and other who work with refugee students – background information and ways of supporting refugee students. Includes a section on refugees from Uganda.*

USEFUL ADDRESSES:

Action Aid (Education Department) Chataway House, Leach Road, Chard, Somerset, TA20 1FA

Africa Book Centre, 38 King Street, London, WC2E 8JS
Tel: (0171) 240 6649 or (0171) 497 0309

Amnesty International (Publications Department), British Section, 99 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1 4RE
Tel: (0171) 814 6200

Christian Aid (Supporter Relations Department), 35 Lower Marsh, London, SE1 7RG
Tel: (0171) 620 4444

Oxfam (Development/Education Department), 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, 0X2 7DZ
Tel: (01865) 311311

Panos Institute, 9 White Lion Street, London, N1 9PD
Tel: (0171) 278 1111

Refugee Council, 3 Bondway, London, SW8 1SJ
Tel: (0171) 820 3000

Save the Children Fund, 17 Grove Lane, London, SE5 8RD
Tel: (0171) 703 5400

Ugandan Asylum Seekers' Association, Channelsea Building, Suite 308-309, Canning Road, Abbey Lane, Stratford, London, E15 3ND
Tel: (0181) 519 0893

Uganda Community Association in Lambeth, 365 Brixton Road, London SW9
Tel: (0171) 924 9498

Uganda Community Relief Association (UCRA), Selby Centre, Selby Road, London, N17 8JL
Tel: (0181) 808 6221

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'There are over 27,000 school-aged refugee children in Britain. The Voices series is a great psychological boost to them, and a valuable teaching aid for all students.'

***Jill Rutter**, Education Officer, Refugee Council*

'In *African Voices* children as well as adults, speak directly and often with devastating clarity of their former homes, the horrors of civil war and oppression, and the difficulties of building new lives in exile. These writings are an important source of information, but through their courage and optimism they also bring new insights and perspectives into our homes and classrooms. *Voices from Uganda* is an important and moving addition to the series.'

John McCarthy,

Minority Rights Group
379 Brixton Road
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United Kingdom

Tel (+44) 0 171 978 9498
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